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Ring Command bezel

Sky-Dweller/sky•dwell•er/:

1. The distinctive timepiece for global executives. 2. Its red triangle always points to the time at home, while its conventional hands can be set to a second time zone. 3. A patented annual calendar intelligently distinguishes between 30- and 31-day months with unparalleled reliability. 4. The rotatable Ring Command bezel ensures easy setting of its functions. 5. Rolex innovation at its best. 6. Created with 14 ingenious patents. 7. The Rolex Way.

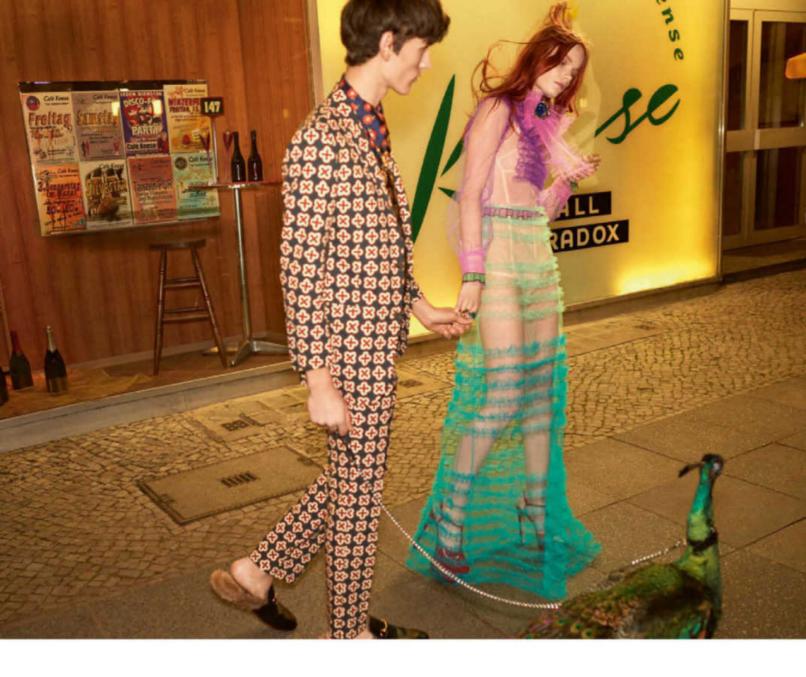




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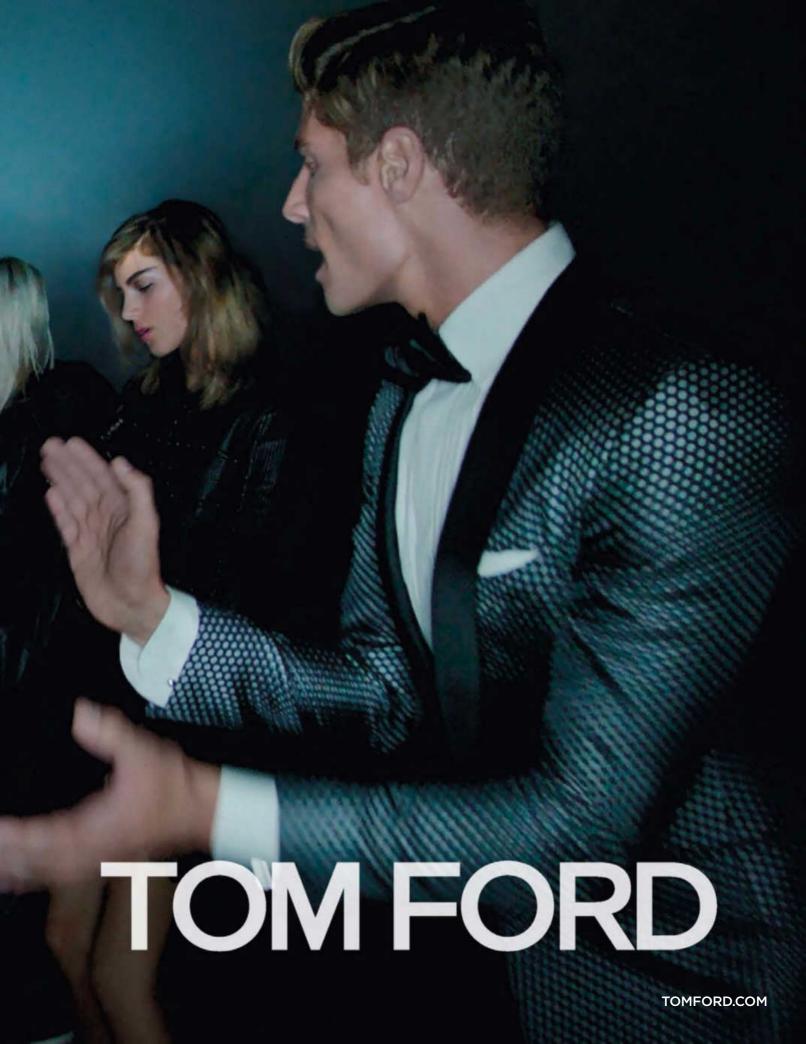






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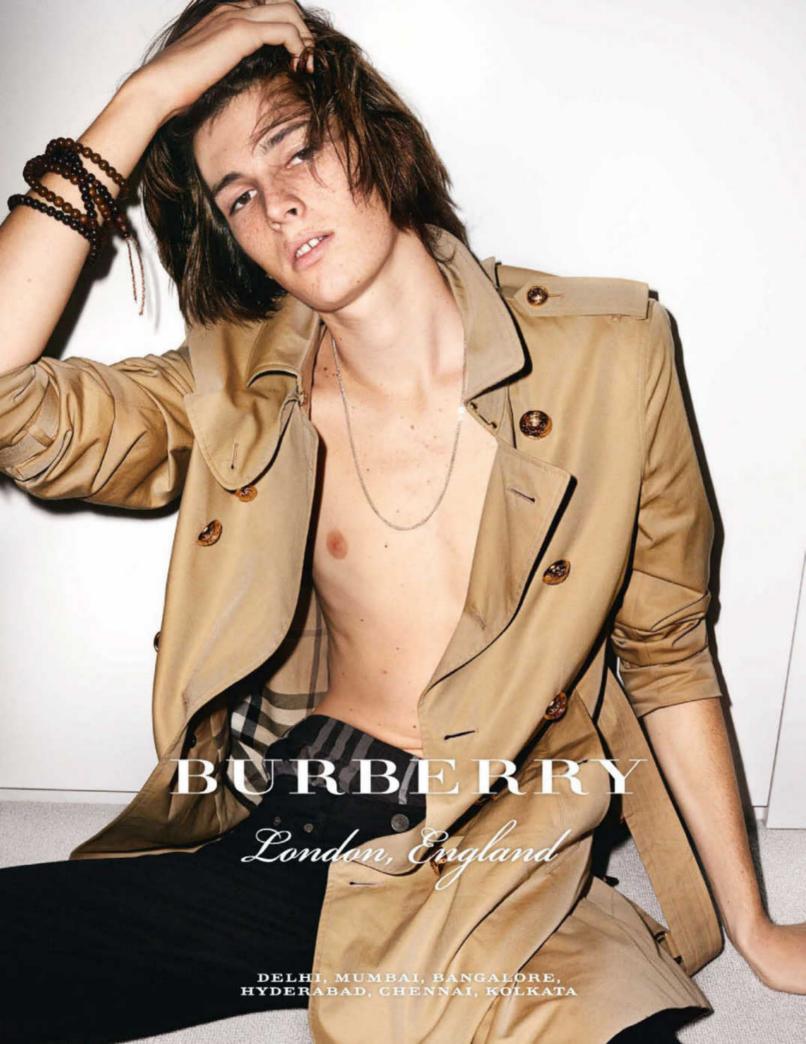




GUCCI







AWEEKTO

The first-ever Make in India Week propelled the Indian economy by forging enormous global engagement with Indian industry in the form of partnerships and investments.

INNOVATION LOVES COMPANY

From industry leaders, policymakers & entrepreneurs to government officials, academia and media, the world's best minds came together during Make in India Week.

8,90,000 visitors	65,000 participants in events & seminars	11,000+ companies	102 nations		
1000+	4000+	8245	1245		
CEOs & CXOs	international delegates	B2B, B2G, G2G meetings	speakers		

LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

An unprecedented showcase of India's potential as a manufacturing hub, the Week garnered large-scale investment commitments from around the world.

USD 227 BILLION

USU IS./ BILLIUI

investment committed

business enquiries

CENTRE OF ATTENTION

Spread over 2.5 million sq. ft., the Make in India Centre exhibited the most innovative products and manufacturing practices developed in India.

215 exhibitors	27 halls	17 state pavilions
11 sectors	3 country par	vilions

MOMENT OF YOUTH

Forums, sessions and seminars explored game-changing ideas and technologies, promoting the start-up environment in the country.

Hackathon	Champions in Societal
Create in India	Manufacturing
for the World	Industry-Academia Symposium
Empowering through	QPrize™ - Make in India
Design	Contest

Set against the vibrant backdrop of the world's fastest growing economy, Make in India Week showcased the potential of design, innovation and sustainability across India's key focus sectors through a series of highly visible outreach initiatives in Mumbai.

MOVERS AND MAKERS

OPRIZE™ FOR BEST START-UP IDEA:

Ark Robotics

TIME INDIA AWARDS:

Best-in-class manufacturer: Tata Steel

Innovative manufacturer: Hero MotoCorp

Young makers: Yogesh Agrawal & Rajesh Agrawal, Ajanta Pharma

THE WAY FORWARD

Provide investment-enabling environment to investors, start-ups and SMEs

Promote quality jobs through development of innovation and design ecosystems

Promote industry-academia linkages for research and product development

GATEWAY OF MAKE IN INDIA

150 events. Six days. One city. A vibrant new energy swept across Mumbai during Make in India Week. Iconic lion installations and street art were spotted all over the city, with a wide array of art and culture shows spread across its famous museums and galleries. Maximum City played the perfect host to the world's best and brightest, paving the path for maximum opportunities.

Missed the action-packed event? Learn all about Make in India Week at www.makeinindia.com

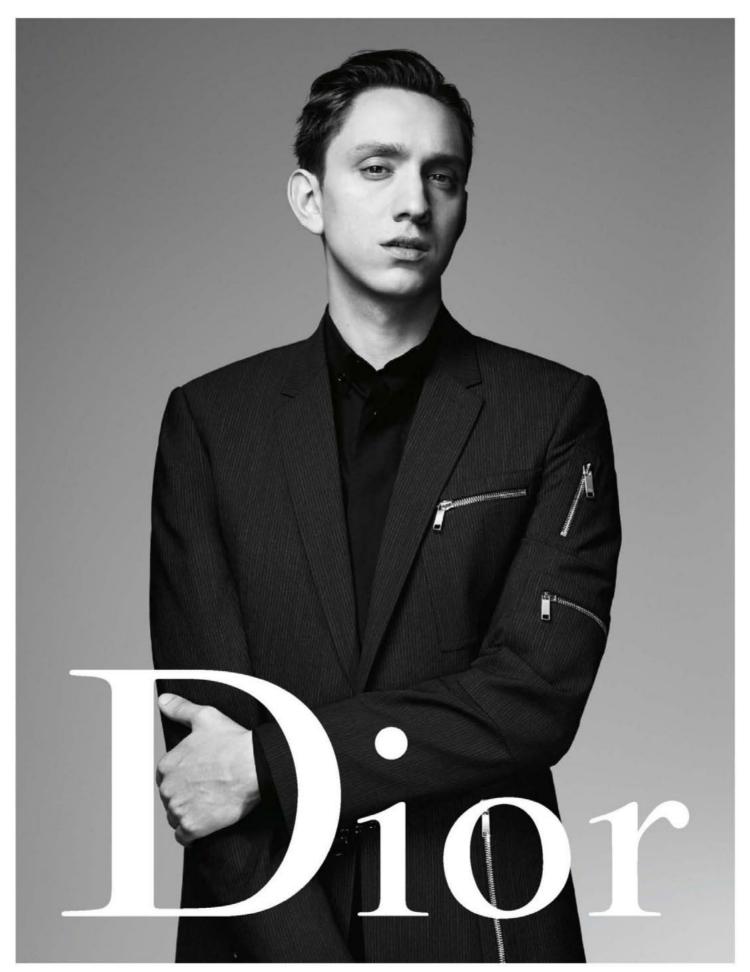
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RNI.NO.: MAHENG/2008/27014. Printed and published by Almona Bhatia on behalf of Conde Nast India Pvt. Ltd. Printed at Thomson Press India Ltd., 18/35, Delhi-Mathura Road, Faridabad – 121 007, Haryana and published at 2nd Floor, Darabshaw House, Shoorji Vallabhdas Marg, Ballard Estate, Mumbai 400 001. Editor: CJ Kurrien. Processed at Commercial Reprographers. Distributed by Living Media Ltd. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or part without written permission is strictly prohibited. All prices are correct at the time of going to press but are subject to change. Manuscripts, drawings and other materials must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. However, GQ cannot be responsible for unsolicited material.

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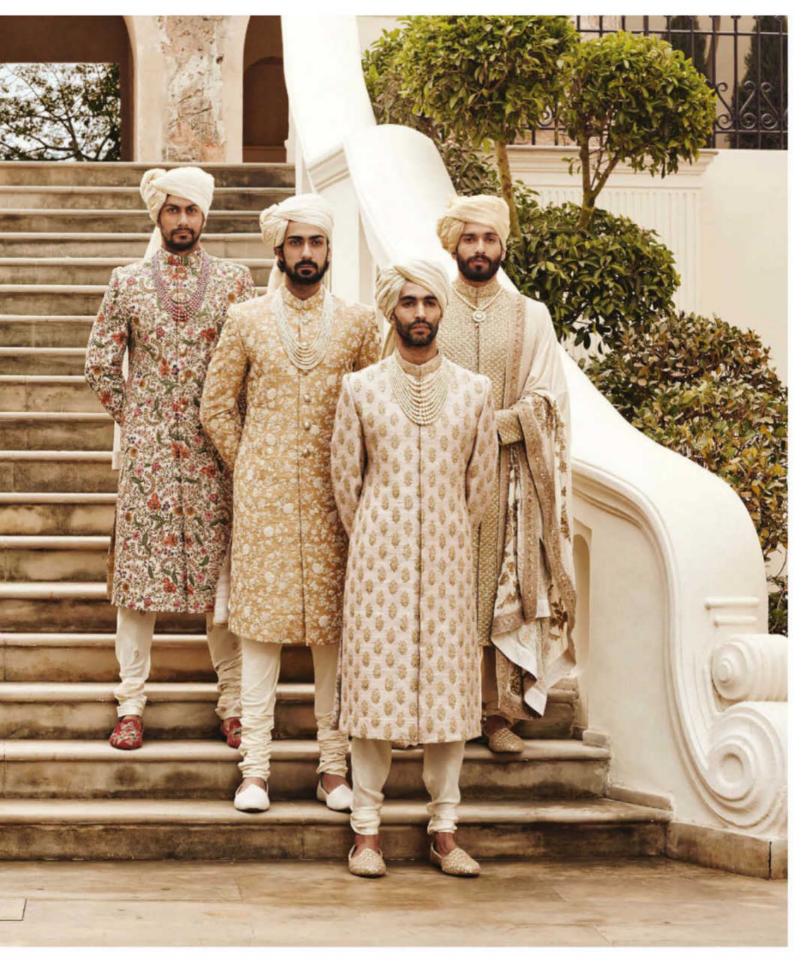
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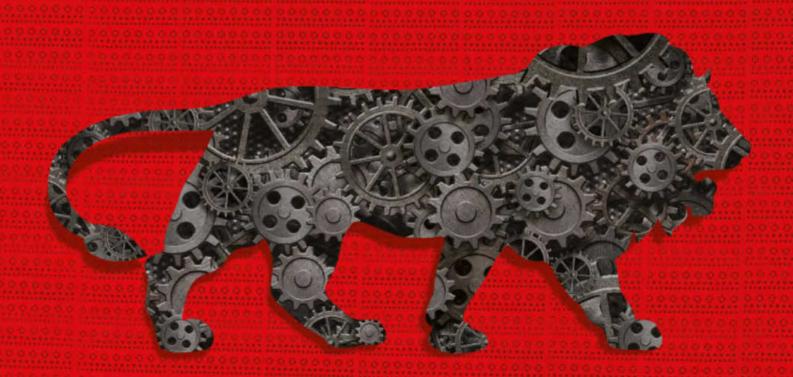
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MAKE IN INDIA THE WEEK THAT WAS

A new energy swept across Mumbai during the first-ever Make in India Week. Six days, over a hundred events, lakhs of visitors, thousands of speakers, companies and delegates from all around the world. The city was taken over for one of the country's biggest events yet—a spectacular showcase of India's manufacturing prowess.



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ALL THAT BUZZAT MAKE IN INDIA WEEK



Jaitley at the CNN Asia Business Forum

From stunning installations scattered around the city to hard-hitting seminars with key industrialists and leaders, world-class events like the CNN Asia Business Forum, Time India Awards, Hackathon, Empowering Through Design and so much more—the Make in India Week was truly a week unlike any other. Here's a peek inside







Deepak Parekh

Rajshree Path





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Letter from the Editor

THE LITTLE TEAM THAT COULD



moneybags of

ne of the most under-reported sports stories of last year – at least in the national media – was the stellar performance of Force India, which placed a hugely impressive 5th in the 2015 Formula 1 Championship. While the team's budget is half of what's spent by the big boys at Ferrari and Mercedes, they managed to consistently deliver strong results, using pluck, skill and a somewhat audacious strategy. The result is akin to resource-light Leicester City's astounding Premier League run this season – humiliating the moneybags of Man City, Chelsea and United.

2016 will be fraught with even more uncertainty for Force India, with co-owner Sahara looking to sell its stake to raise bail for its embattled promoter Subroto Roy, who has now been in Tihar jail for two years. The team's other primary stakeholder is Vijay Mallya – not the most financially liquid person on the planet at the moment. So it remains to be seen whether Force India can replicate last year's performance.

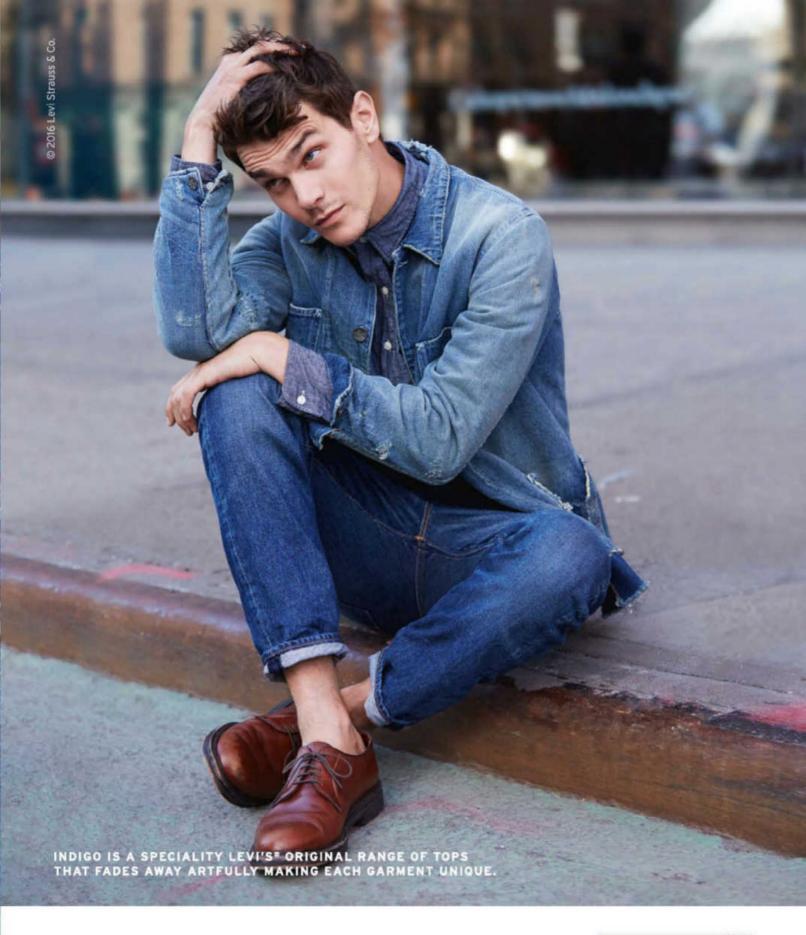
With all the woes surrounding him, Mallya rarely speaks to the press any more, so it's interesting that he's come on the record for this issue's story, which analyzes the team's prospects for the new season that kicks off this month. Mallya says he has painstakingly built a creative, passionate support group focused on helping his talented drivers realize their potential – good news for the sport, which has had a poor run over the last couple of years. The new regulations may have made the cars quieter, cleaner, even safer, but the competition has been dull, overly technical, car-focused and lopsided – with one team, Mercedes, dominating from start to finish. Even Sebastian Vettel, seemingly invincible a few years ago, looks frustrated. And the cancellation of the race at the Buddh Circuit in Noida was a huge blow to local fans. Yet with the wholly unexpected rise of Force India, there's suddenly a very good reason to watch again.

CHE KURRIEN









VINCENT LACROQ: DIRECTOR, PARIS.

LIVING IN THE INDIGO COLLECTION.



CONTRIBUTORS

OR BURMAN

WHO: Photographer. Instagram @ridburman

WHAT: "Spring into summer", page 204 "Everyone had better keep an eye on Chris Gayle. He's an animal out there!"





Q.WHO'S THE PLAYER TO WATCH AT THE 2016 ICC T20 CRICKET WORLD CUP?

MERYL D'SOUZA

WHO: Assistant Editor, GQIndia.com.
Twitter @meryllino **WHAT:** This month's cover story, page 192 and cricket

section, Hawkeye, page 95 "I'm an Ajinkya Rahane fan. He's elegant with his stroke play and versatile enough to set up shop or pick up the pace when required. He's also cherry-picked by my all-time favourite cricketer, Rahul Dravid. I also hope to see more of Barinder Sran. It's not every day a boy makes his debut in Australia and sends their most seasoned openers packing



COLSTON JULIAN

WHO: Photographer. Instagram @colstonjulian

WHAT: "Vartika Singh", page 172

"Virat Kohli and Rohit Sharma. Both are powerhouses of talent, and I'm looking forward to seeing them bring home the cup this year."



SOMESH KUMAR & HAZEL KARKARIA

WHO: Owners of Bengaluru- and Ahmedabad-based visual design firm, By Two Design

WHAT: "Revenge of the sixes", page 95 "MS Dhoni's rise as a cool-headed player and captain really happened during the 2007 World T20. And it feels like he may hang up his boots after this tournament, so to end his run with another trophy would be the icing on the cake."

SHIVANGI LOLAYEKAR

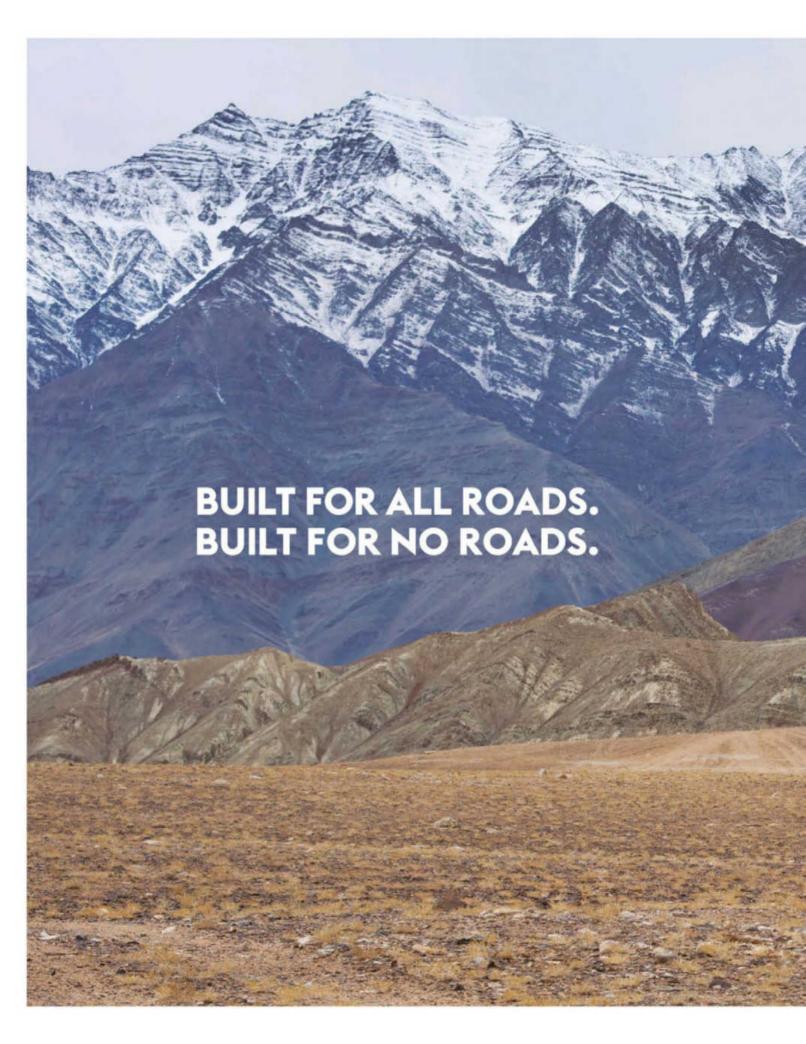
WHO: Fashion Features Editor, *GQ* India. Instagram @shivangil23

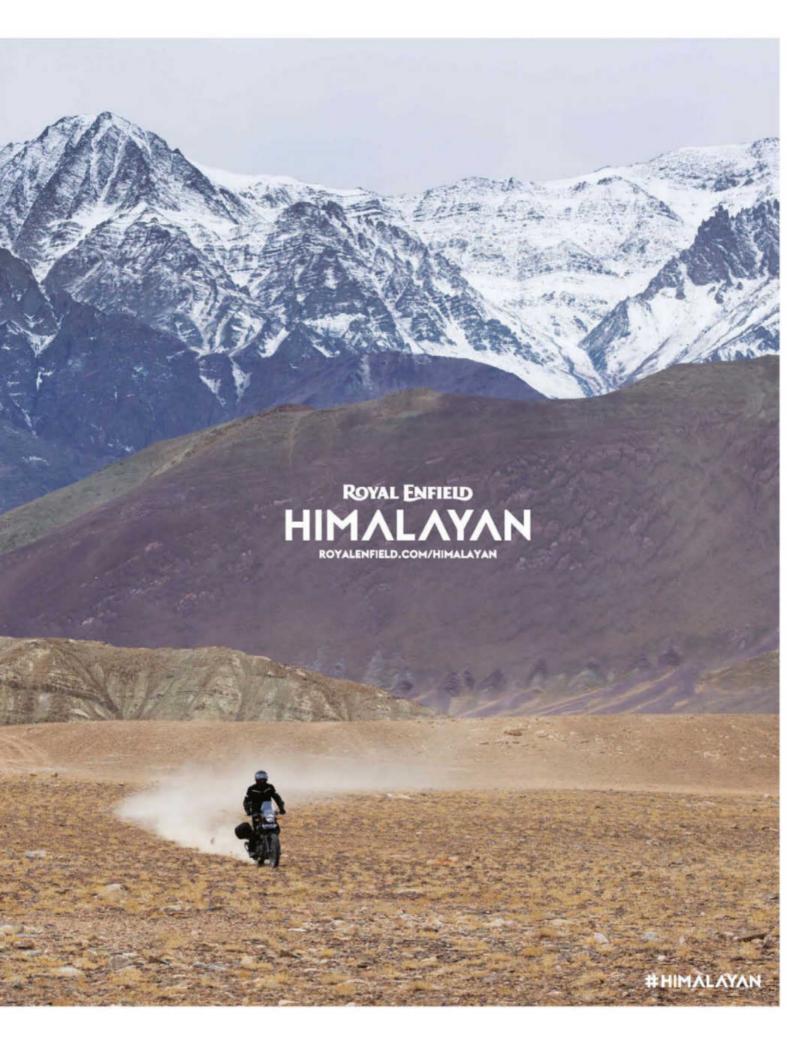
WHAT: "GQ Fashion 50, PAGE 105 "I'm rooting hard for a Yuvi comeback. When he's in form, few can knock it out of the stadium like him."



within the first powerplay."









WHEN DO WE I

SUCCEED?

WHEN WE DON'T LEAVE OTHERS BEHIND

#WINTHERIGHTWAY



- HUMOUR
- FILM
- GAMES
- NOSTALGIA
- BINGE WATCH
- TECH
- MUSIC
- LIFE HACKS

EDITED BY NIDHI GUPTA



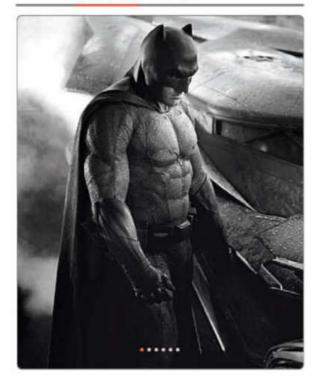
EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO DO THIS MONTH



In a year of epic battles – India vs Australia at the T20 World Cup; Jon Snow vs an army of zombies (we're guessing) in April; Donald Trump vs the world all year long – the one with any claim to superlatives (your choicest) is this little skirmish between two, er, extraordinarily angst-ridden men. In Zack Snyder's Batman Vs Superman: Dawn Of Justice, Clark Kent and Bruce Wayne go to war over who will dominate Gotham and pretty much burn the whole place down. Which is odd because we all know that, in the 21st century, the only victories that matter are on Tinder. So, yep, we did it – swipe right to check out what "freaks dressed as clowns" look like on the world's greatest dating app. Oh, wait...



tinder 🕵



***Batman**, 45

Justice seeker Behind you Active right now

I'm used to working in dark, wet places—CAVES. I mean caves. You won't be the only one with daddy issues.

Those villains can never see me coming, but you sure will. PS: Robin will work the camera. Don't worry - he's of age.

8 Interests

Shelby Supercars Stalking Forbes The Kinky Collective PETA San Diego Comic Con

Connections

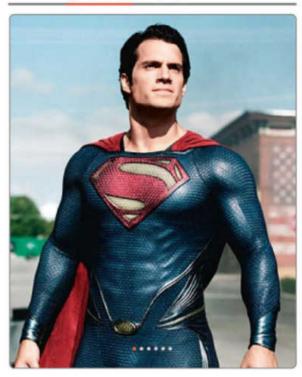
Mayor Kejriwal (1st degree) Hugh Hefner (2nd degree) Irrfan Khan (1st degree) Elon Musk (2nd degree)











Superman, 33

Leader of the Justice League 1,500 kms above you Active 2 minutes ago

Put away those beads, babe. You're with an alien now. They don't call me the Man of Steel for nothing.

To probe further, you know what you gotta do. . To





Donald Trump **EL James** Skydiving Orange Is The New Black Christopher Nolan 3 Doors Down Fallout 4

Connections

Krrish (1st degree) Lakshmi Mittal (2nd degree) Christiane Amanpour (1st degree) Maganlal Dresswala (1st degree)







AN ICON JUST GOT LARGER





ABOVE THE LINE

Meet **Vicky Kaushal**, the poster boy of Indian cinema's 'new wave'. You'll be seeing a lot of him in the near future



he first time Vicky Kaushal visited a film set was at the age of ten, during the shooting of Khalid Mohammed's Fiza. He'd insisted on tagging along with his father, the famous stunt director Sham Kaushal. "I'd just watched Kaho Naa Pyaar Hai and I had to see Hrithik Roshan in the flesh," Kaushal says, mildly embarrassed by his fandom. "And within ten minutes, I wanted to go home. It was boring."

Sixteen years later, when he's not "hitting the gym to bulk up" for his role in Sameer Sharma's *Manmarziyan*, a love triangle based in Punjab that also stars Ayushmann Khurrana and Bhumi Pednekar, he's spending all his time promoting his newest film *Zubaan* everywhere from press conferences to Twitter.

He's also wrapped up shooting for Anurag Kashyap's *Raman Raghav 2.0*, "a revised version" of the real story of a Sixties-era serial killer, in which he plays a cop. Basically, this 27-year-old is set to



invade your neighbourhood multiplex.

"Zubaan was actually the first film I did, before Masaan turned up, back in 2014," Kaushal reminisces. "Dilsher is also Punjabi like me, so that part of my character wasn't new. But I learned how to be an opportunist from the small-town boy with a stammer and big dreams. He finds himself through music in the film; I did through acting."

Opportunism certainly stood Kaushal in good stead for the five years he

spent doing time as a "struggling actor" – before he got mad props for his work as *another* intense, brooding small-town boy in Neeraj Ghaywan's superlative *Masaan*.

You'd think being the son of the industry's most sought-after action director would come with advantages, if not perks similar to what comes with being, say, the son of an Eighties superstar. But (plot twist!) Papa Kaushal, himself a self-made man, told him he was on his own.

So our man pounded the pavement, knocked on casting directors' doors and got turned away because he just wasn't the "right type". "Of course they would; here was this lanky, curly-haired guy claiming to be an actor!" Kaushal laughs. He also assisted on Anurag "sir's" *Gangs Of Wasseypur* and flirted with the stage alongside renowned thespian Manav Kaul. And he never underestimated the power of a small role, such as the one in Vasan Bala's 2012 short *Geek Out*. It's what finally got Mozez Singh, the director of *Zubaan*, to notice him.

It's no coincidence that Kaushal's career, now at full throttle, is running on an arc parallel to that of independent cinema in India – this wave of films that, instead of banking on celebrity wattage or massive budgets, prove their mettle at film festivals abroad, and come back

wreath-laden and gunning for the big screen.

And Kaushal's got the double win: In 2015, Masaan won its laurels at Cannes, and Zubaan, which co-stars Sarah-Jane Dias, got Singh the Rising Director award at Busan. But before you dismiss Kaushal as just another "art-y type" with a penchant for intense roles, he was raised on a steady diet of Sunny Deol, Govinda and Ajay Devgn films –

described in certain annoying circles as The Nineties Hyper-Heroism Wave.

"I don't think of films as either 'intelligent' or 'commercial'. Really, who doesn't want to be a 'star'?" he says.

So, where does he see himself five years from now? "Maybe in a Rohit Shetty signature blowout," laughs Kaushal. "And on the cover of *GQ*."

Amen, pal. Worthy goals to have. Subaan hits theatres March 4



ALC: CALL



START THE FANS, PLEASE

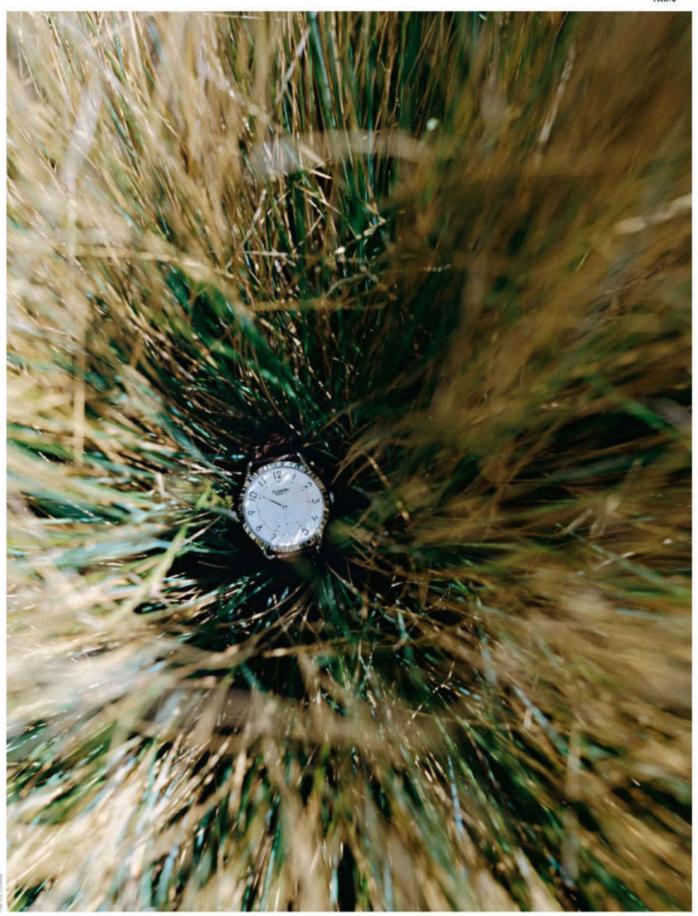


ou've heard the line a hundred times. You've sat in front of your curved colour TV, waiting for the moment when the flamboyant Richard O'Brien would usher yet another team of overall-clad adrenaline junkies into the giant crystal dome to collect bits of gold foil ("Remember, no silver ones!"). And you, innocent child of the Nineties, dreamed of one day being on *The Crystal Maze*, that most epic of game shows. (At least before puberty hit and you became aware of the existence of Pamela Anderson.)

But here's your chance to live your childhood dream. To mark *The Crystal Maze*'s 25th anniversary last year, a British immersive theatre company called Little Lion floated an Indiegogo project to bring the Maze back to life. Now, one year and 185 per cent funding goals fulfilment later, London's got itself a brand new adventure experience set, sitting on 30,000sqft between King's Cross and Angel. Game nights will never be the same again.

For the small price of £50, you can tackle the Aztec, Industrial, Medieval and Future zones and head to the crystal ball for your own session of gold foilgrabbing – and maybe walk away with your own little golf-sized Swarovski crystal. Time to shape up.

Even Mumsy couldn't have predicted this one.



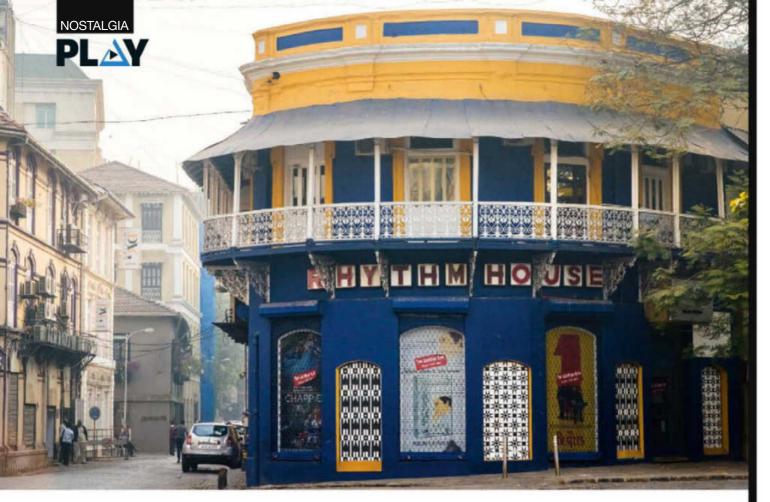
Contract Section



@ManishMalhotra



MANISH MALHOTRA



OFF THE RECORD

With Mumbai's iconic **Rhythm House** shutting shop, music consumption will never be the same again. But **Uday Benegal** suspects there may be a silver lining

verything changes. That's an incontrovertible fact. A fact that wouldn't spare Bombay's last bastion of the old way of building your music collection – by going to a music store, browsing through stacks of releases covering multiple styles, languages and genres and purchasing a tangible, physical copy. The announcement of Rhythm House's imminent closure has set off a certain amount of hand-wringing. The only thing that surprised me, quite honestly, is that its shutters have managed to stay up so long.

Don't get me wrong – I don't celebrate it. But I do commend the Curmally family, whom I knew by association, for being able to hold out so much longer than even the biggest music retailers across the world. Remember Tower Records? The music chain with brick-and-mortar outlets across the US – the world's largest consumer of music – went belly-up in 2006 when its balance sheet couldn't resist the change. Having lasted nearly a decade longer, Rhythm House has done pretty well, I think.

Still, one can't help but bemoan the end of an institution. So I went to Bombay's Kala Ghoda area, where the shop was still standing, in the company of other august edifices, including the David Sassoon Library, the Army & Navy Building, Elphinstone College and the Jehangir Art Gallery. As I took in its blue and yellow exterior peppered with vaguely Moorish and random tribal-esque wall patterns, I couldn't help but remember that it wasn't that long ago that Rhythm House's next-door neighbour,

the Wayside Inn café and restaurant, had gone through its own transmutation, into Cerveza: Beers of the World and More. Rhythm House's name, emblazoned in large Scrabble-tile signage, still popped proudly, but the windows below bore a sadder countenance: Life-sized posters of album covers of the Beatles and V Shantaram were stickered with signs announcing The Goodbye Sale.

I am probably the last of a generation that will be able to recall with great clarity, as if it were just this morning, the incredibly buoyant feeling of acquiring a new album (by album I mean record, and by record I'm referring to a 33 1/3 rpm LP – which means the vinyl disc would revolve on the turntable 100 times every 3 minutes).

Growing up in the period well before the concept of simultaneous global release, the difficulty of access to any Western music taught my generation one thing: To appreciate and cherish every bit of music that eventually came our way. Every time we received a new record, the process of uncovering the fortune was akin to a Japanese tea ceremony.

Imagine this: You're holding the Pink Floyd album *Dark Side Of The Moon.* Plastic wrap removed, you pause to take in that





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new album smell, the sweet fragrance of paper, print and glue wafting into your nostrils. Then you reach into the sleeve and gently slide out the record, encased in its diaphanous protective sheath. And you reveal what Pandora's hiding: a pristine, polished black discus bearing within its concentric grooves heavenly music to be revealed only by the consummation of stylus and vinyl. And you play it over and over again. But you also care for it like you would a baby, cleaning with a lint-free cloth, washing it from time to time to remove the dirt from the etchings and storing it in a way that it wouldn't warp.

The invention of CDs was not a bad thing. It may have run vinyl records into oblivion, but not at the cost of sonic fidelity – CD sound is bloody great. The ease of carriage, coupled with the invention of the Sony Discman, made up for the shrinkage of album cover design.

Rhythm House's closing has run tandem with today's thumbnail-sized attention spans. The MP3 may have exponentially increased music's portability, but the quality often suffers tremendously. People seem unable to distinguish between lo- and high-bit-rate transfers. Hardly surprising, considering most people listen to their music on low-bandwidth mobile, tablet or laptop speakers.

So I will raise a toast to Rhythm House as it gives way to change. My only regret is that it marks the end of a dedicated music space.

I would have celebrated its passage if it were being turned into a venue for live music performance. In this increasingly digitized age, where machines spit out beats via bits, the need for human collaboration and output is needed more than ever before. That shuttering store could herald the return of the analog social networking space – people interacting with people to create, express and rejuvenate through the greatest uniter of energies: Music.

WILL THE REAL FRANCIS PLEASE STAND UP



ou love *House Of Cards*. Of course you do. We all do. The problem is you're loving the wrong one. That's right. Kevin Spacey's sinister, trash-talking southern drawler on Netflix's three hit seasons of the ultimate TV binge has a secret twin. Of sorts.

No, this is not a Season 4 plot twist. In the early Nineties, *House Of Cards* ran as a BBC One mini-series, starring Ian Richardson as Machiavellian politician Francis Urquhart, chief whip of Britain's Tory party – the position transposed onto American Francis Underwood, House majority whip of the Republican Party 15 years later.

Both are conniving, ruthless and intelligent, the way only TV characters can be when they've been created to keep a TV writer entertained while writing a TV show. The first season of Spacey made use of the original series' trademark: Francis breaking the fourth wall and letting the audience in on his evil machinations as the unwitting players carry on in their gross unsuspecting behind him; and we, the viewers, play naughty, naughty confidante.

As simple as it sounds, it was very effective at the time, not only for the fact that you were getting in on the in-jokes of the highest powers of the land, but because you were getting behind that stiff upper lip the Brits are so famous for (the part of the mouth where, in the Spacey version, tongues of Mrs Underwood and one of their Secret Service men's go – in the same naked session).

But somehow Spacey turning to the camera and explaining his evil plans

isn't quite as chilling as Ian Richardson. And the reason why is, quite simply, what separates the United States from its former red-coated overlords. When Richardson feeds you his toxic thought pellets, you're ruffled because in his environment, the distinguished English gentleman is in conflict with his career climbing and social mountaineering, and thus there is tension – and that tension is what propels the show.

When Spacey shows himself to be a soulless beast capable of murdering a young reporter, you're like: Yeah, great, so what, you haven't even sold any guns to an African warlord yet, lightweight. Spacey is behaving precisely how we'd expect an American politician of his rank to behave, so the show is propelled by, umm, having had David Fincher direct the first episode?

Which, to be fair, subsequent directors and cinematographers have kept in signature Fincher style – nearly full-black screens for minutes and tracking shots that pan so smoothly you think the image is going to slip right off the screen.

For Urquhart, his series' visuals haven't held up so great. Lots of high-waisted jeans and beige rotary phones. Which only goes to show that appearances can be deceiving. Because the characterization, pacing, plot-graphs and dialogue pre-date by over a decade the shows we laud today as Golden Age exemplars – not least of which is the current *House Of Cards*.

If nothing else, if you're going to be evil in a TV series, we can all agree it's better to do it in a posh British accent.

House Of Cards Season 4 premieres on Netflix this month



BVLGARAI







CARRYON, JIBO

Meet the latest in a slew of new-age, multi-tasking 'social' robots – the superbutlers of the future

o you've got a personal assistant so efficient you'd trust them with your life? Even your Twitter password? That's so 2015. Unless you're in a bad rom-com and said assistant is Robert de Niro, you've got some major catching up to do: The world's moved on to robots.

AI personal assistants have been appearing in the market for a while now. Last year saw the launch of Pepper, a Japanese humanoid "emotional" robot; Budgee, a personal load-carrying device or an intelligent mobile pushcart, whichever way you want to look at it; and Buddy, a French companion robot up for "adoption" that can even help the kids out with homework.

This little thing, called Jibo, is a "social" family bot. It can read you your emails, set reminders, sing lullabies, order your dinner, smile, play you music, even be a "wingman", according to the company's YouTube promo video. Eventually, it'll also double as a home security system. It'd all be very creepy, yes – if Jibo didn't look like EVE from *Wall-E*.

The idea, according to creator Cynthia Breazeal, is to kill the notion that tech is a threat to life as we know it. (Which is actually global warming, ICYMI.) "What if technology could help you feel more human? What if it could help you like a partner, not just a tool?" she mused in an interview last year. Clearly, enough people were convinced to fund Jibo's transformation from an Indiegogo project into a living, talking, heart-showering thing.

Now, the first fully functional Jibos will arrive at "early adopters' doorsteps" for \$745 – and we'll all be that much closer to the idea of "connected homes". And you're still stuck at "Siri, what are you wearing right now?"

NOT QUITE HUMAN

They may or may not be 30 billion times as intelligent as a live mattress - we'll not take that from Douglas Adams' Marvin yet - but gape at how human these androids look. Or marvel at how mental the Japanese can be



LEONARDO DA VINCI

The great artist may have designed his own humanoid back in 1495, but little did he know that, centuries later, a professor in Japan would fashion one on him. This droid can read faces and hold a conversation. Talk about vitruvian men.



JAXON

Much like Tony
Stark, JAXON's got
a saviour complex
- he's built to aid
victims affected by
natural disasters.
But he doesn't
have Ironman-like
superpowers yet just the will and grit
to protect mankind.



GEMINOID F

She's the sexiest robot in the world. Even though she can't walk by herself yet, she's a smooth talker. And she's a movie star, with her own lead role in a 2015 Japanese sci-fi film called Sayonara. Hollywood, watch out.





DISCOVER MORE ABOUT THE MEN WHO MAKE THE WORLD GO ROUND AT HACKETT.COM



Suni Mehra



HAVE EARS, MUST TRAVEL

The local music festival season might (finally?) be over, but nursing your withdrawal symptoms is just a matter of booking flights and heading out to these spectacular affairs. Just go easy on the molly

Lollapalooza

Brazil, Argentina & Chile

MARCH 12-20

If you've wanted an excuse to drive through South America - y'know, because Cubans and Sofia Vergara-sized beauts aren't compelling enough - then Eminem, Florence + The Machine, Jack U and Mumford & Sons should do the trick. There's also Jungle, Tame Impala, Alabama Shakes, Odesza and Snoop Dogg to get you even more psyched. Three countries, three festivals that's your itinerary taken care of too.

Horizon Festival Bansko Ski Resort,

Bulgaria MARCH 12-17

Bulgaria's probably already on your travel bucket list, thanks to Rohit Shetty and his Photoshop team, who recently proved that Bollywood doesn't vacation only in Switzerland. But there's also Horizon, with acts like Goldie, Levon Vincent and Flava D turnin' it up. "A five-day ski party with the sickest European DJs" is a much better response to "Why are you going to Bulgaria?" than "That SRK-Kajol movie, man...'

SXSW

Austin, Texas MARCH 15-20

You know you're at the wrong bash when an "allindie" line-up features the richest DJs in your scene. For a taste of real independent music from guys who're still actually making bedroom music - head to South By Southwest, the annual "conference" of young movers and shakers. You may or may not have heard of Cash+David, A Giant Dog or Hyperpotamus, but you sure will want to get in on their "vibe" to bolster your "hipster" street cred.

Byron Bay Bluesfest

Byron Bay, Australia MARCH 24-28

We can't think of a better combination than reggae and blues on a giant farm (Tyagarah Tea Tree) in the land Down Under. And with a roster that features Kendrick Lamar. The National, D'Angelo, City and Colour, Blur, Noel Gallagher, UB40 and Joe Bonamassa, among many, many others, we're sold. There's also camping, great sunsets and a massive food festival to boot. Time to brush up on those kangaroo jokes.

Ultra

Miami, Florida MARCH 18-20

Anyone who's anyone in EDM will be Jesusposing spinning behind the console at this, one of the Holy Trinity of dance music festivals in the world. From Afrojack to Avicii, Hardwell to Martin Garrix, the line-up looks like it's just been picked off DJmag.com's front page. And if you're in search of something more intelligent than just hooks and 129 BPM, there's also Chet Faker and Tycho. Sunburn who?



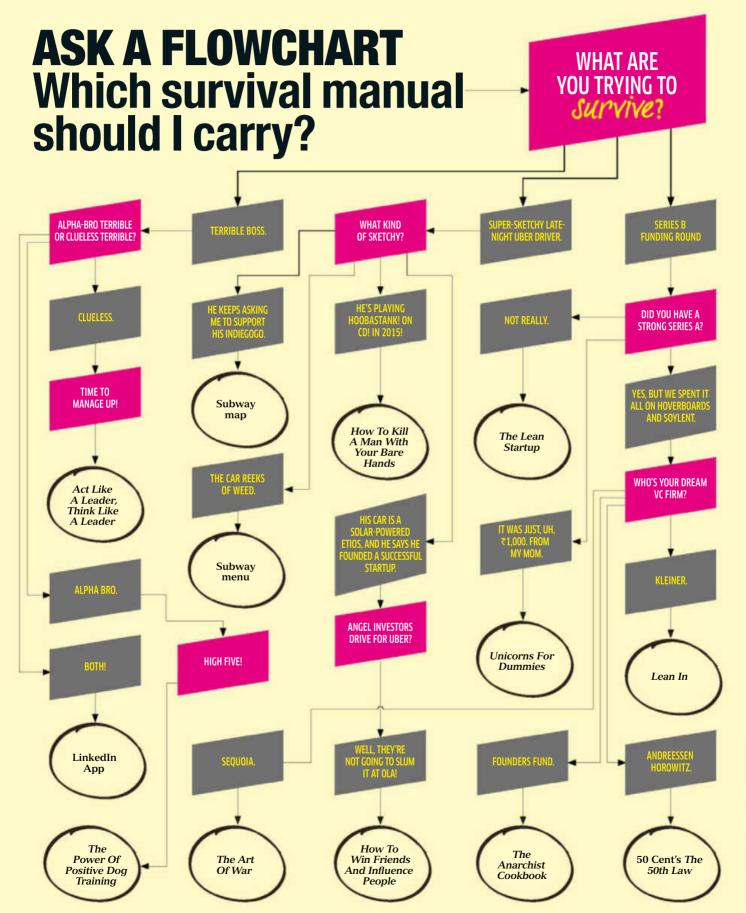
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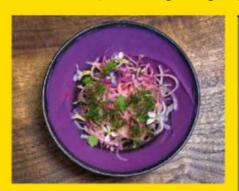
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Even the city's sprawl is a blessing as chefs explore new 'hoods with fresh ideas. Where to start? That's where our outsider's guide to LA's restaurant revolution - and a good Uber driver - come in

FIRST, Bow to the Three Kings of LA's food scene Four men, three burgeoning empires, 15 restaurants and roughly 700 lick-the-plate-clean dishes



THE ANIMAL GUYS

Jon Shook & Vinny Dotolo

- → NEIGHBOURHOOD: Hollywood
- → RESTAURANTS: Animal (meat-fest), Son of a Gun (raw fish), Jon & Vinny's (pizzeria) and three spots – Trois Mec, Petit Trois, Trois Familia - with chef Ludo Lefebvre.
- **→ HOW THEY CHANGED THE SCENE:**

Somehow brought punk-rock takes to everything from ceviche to omelettes.

- **→ MOST INSTAGRAMMABLE DISH:** Son of a Gun's fried-chicken sandwich. (You'll see.)
- THAT'S SO LA: "It sounds weird, but we hold meetings in our cars. Our restaurants are all shoeboxes, so it's either the car or the men's room, and it's weird in the men's room," says Shook.



FOOD-TRUCK HERO

Roy Choi

- → NEIGHBOURHOOD: Everywhere. "My trucks go from Irvine to Granada Hills to Signal Hill."
- → RESTAURANTS: Kogi trucks

(game-changing Korean tacos), Chego (sorta-Korean rice bowls), A-Frame (stoner Hawaiian), Pot and Commissary (high-concept Korean and avocado toast, respectively, in a chic hotel).

- → HOW HE CHANGED THE SCENE: Rebooted taco trucks, then leaped from meals-on-wheels to brick-and-mortar at a lightning pace.
- → MOST INSTAGRAMMABLE DISH: The half-Korean, half-Mexican taco → THAT'S SO LA: "Becoming friends with Dilated Peoples, musicians I looked up to who enjoy what is, I guess, my art."



MR DOWNTOWN

Josef Centeno

- NEIGHBOURHOOD: Skid Row-adjacent Downtown LA
- → RESTAURANTS: Bäco Mercat

("sandwiches" from the future). Bar Amá (binge-worthy Tex-Mex), Orsa & Winston (somehow-it-works Japanese-Italian fusion), Ledlow

- (cheffed-up comfort food).
- HOW HE CHANGED THE SCENE: Helped take Downtown LA from dingy to the city's hippest square mile.
- → MOST INSTAGRAMMABLE DISH: Bäco

Mercat's Bäco: a flatbread sorta-sandwich filled with three continents of deliciousness.

THAT'S SO LA: "People have asked me for ice in their wine."

FOR ONCE, **★** CULVER **HOLLYWOOD** Lukshon In a sleek room. ISN'T THE you get refined sometimes **★ PASADENA** twisted - Asian, **STAR** like the spicy-Union chicken pops. In a land of Don't overthink, chains, Union is Used to be the just order 'em. a locally sourced, centre of LA's housemade safe haven of Cal-Italian food world was deficiousness. the centre of the film world. The Tasting Kitchen But great chefs Italian-ish plates and **★** DOWNTOWN ★ SILVER LAKE some of the city's best have left for new Night + Market Bestia cocktails on Abbot neighbourhoods, Song It isn't easy to nab a Kinney, the coolest Technicolour Thai seat - blame the rustic and it's about street in town. The room's Italian food, can't-gotime you did, too orange, the food's wrong wine list and spicy and the stay-all-night space. ★ MANHATTAN BEACH tallboys are ice Fishing with Dynamite cold LA's other beachhood has the city's most

perfected (and unexpected) seafood.



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THE SECRET TO SUCCESS BILL CHAIT, mastermind behind Bestia and République, on LA's culinary blast-off

"LA doesn't just have new restaurants – it has aggressive restaurants. The Eighties and the Nineties were about spectacles. Spago was a place to be seen. It wasn't Jon Shook and Vinny Dotolo at Animal doing groundbreaking, aggressive stuff."



WELCOME TO THE FOOD COURT OF YOUR DREAMS

Consider this your cheat sheet to LA's Grand Central Market and its 30,000 square feet of god-I-want-that-too food stalls

Grand Central Market is not new. It's old. Grandpa old. Maybe great-grandpa old. Ninety-nine years old. It has always been filled with stalls selling amazing food, but now some of the city's best chefs are opening booths instead of restaurants. Like Alvin Cailan of EGGSLUT (1). People wait upwards of an hour for his egg creations, which are as decadent as the name is awkward to say in mixed company. Take yours to G&B (2), one of the best coffee shops in town and a sneaky Grand Central Market hack: When seats elsewhere are scarce, order a cup and perch on one of G&B's stools. If you stop by GCM for lunch prime stall-eating time - here's how to avoid the tyranny of choice. Visit BELCAMPO (3) if you don't plan to do anything strenuous for a solid two hours. Part high-end butcher shop, part lunch counter, part revolutionary meat company (they raise, slaughter and sell everything themselves), it

also serves one of America's truly great burgers, with fries cooked in beef fat. For lighter and spicier, stop by STICKY RICE (4), a two-faced Thaistreet-food stall – one side is dedicated to noodles and the other to curries and rice dishes. You can also go oldschool: Micah Wexler used to be a fine-dining chef before he created WEXLER'S DELI (5), where he cures his own lox and smokes his own pastrami. Or go older-school at TACOS **TUMBRAS A TOMAS (6)**

Tomas Martinez, a GCM mainstay for 20 years, serves massive helpings of juicy carnitas for just three bucks a plate. No, he's not new blood, but were you paying attention? Carnitas heap for three bucks! Finish your tour-slash-binge with the chocolate cake at VALERIE AT GCM (7), then buy a box of petits fours as a gift – for your wife, who didn't make the trip, or for you, on the flight home.



WORDS; BENJY HANSEN-BUNDY (MODELS), GARRETT SNYDER. IMAGE; ANDREA D'AGOSTO (FAITH & FLOWER), JAKOB LAYMAN (PORK SHANK), RICK POON (LAKSA)





THE LA DESIGNATED DRIVER JUST WENT EXTINCT (Thanks Uber!)

There's a scene in 1996's Swingers where Vince Vaughn and his posse barhop across Hollywood, each guy driving his own car between stops, circling for a space then locking the steering wheel with one of those forked metal bars. Driving has always been as ingrained in LA culture as juicing and vapidity, but these days every restaurant curb is lined with Uber and Lyft cars, not valeted rides. DUIs have dropped, parking's no longer a problem and getting across town isn't a hassle – it's a convenient excuse for checking your Instagram feed. And now that everyone can booze later (and harder), the city's drinking scene has exploded – not by mimicking the brooding cocktail dens of New York and Chicago but by embracing LA's own freewheeling, uninhibited spirit. Welcome to a place where the bartender spikes your gin and tonic with fennel flowers from her own backyard, and a giant copper pineapple is a socially acceptable drinking vessel. Start with these four places, and don't forget to five-star your Uber driver.

DRINK SECRETLY

THE WALKER INN

A hidden door at The Normandie Club (itself a great cocktail house) lets you into this reservation-only bar that serves a modernist cocktail omakase (dry ice is used). It's the most over-the-top buzz you'll ever have.

DRINK LIKE A TIKI GOD

GOOD TIMES AT DAVEY WAYNE'S

Welcome to a hazy. Seventies-themed hangout that doesn't apologize for the full-bore kitsch on the walls (for sale, if you're interested). Enjoy the AstroTurf patio and roller-skating disco dancers.

DRINK SOME HISTORY

THE CHESTNUT CLUB

In a relatively unassuming (but lounge-untillast-call comfortable) banquette-filled bar sits a 400ish-bottle collection of boozes. bartenders ready to use 'em all and shelves adorned with vintage spirits you can buy.

DRINK FANCILY

FAITH & FLOWER

Not to tell you your business, but your first drink at this new-wave brasserie has to be the English Milk Punch, a velvety rum-based mixture that takes three days to make (but only a minute to pour, thank god).

MODELS + TOAST = OUR FAVOURITE CAFÉ

They - the beautiful women with contracts and sky-high cheekbones and Eastern European names you can't pronounce come to Sairl in Silver Lake for the juices. You come here for the hearty grain bowls and the fancy toasts. And, of course, for them.





The LA Hit List

SO MANY GREAT DISHES SO FEW MEALS TO EAT. START WITH THESE FIVE

Omelette @ PETIT TROIS

At his elbow-to-elbow brasserie, chef Ludo Lefebvre makes fresh eggs, French butter and Boursin - herbflavoured cream cheese your grandma might have - into something glorious enough to make Jacques Pépin weep.

Pork Shank @ BIRCH

Palm sugar-rubbed pork

roasted until it collapses, fermented red cabbage, smoked-paprika yogurt and za'atar-dusted flatbread make for a UN resolution on a platter.

Clams & Lardo Taco @ BS TAQUERIA

Ray Garcia's heirloom-corn tortillas are so mind-altering they could probably turn any filling into magic. Do seafood and pork fat test the limits? Maybe, but in a great way.

Chicken Sandwich @ SON OF A GUN

Jon Shook and Vinny Dotolo

have mastered the golden ratio for chicken sandwiches. Buttermilk soothes, pickles snap, coleslaw crunches and the jagged shattering of the chicken's deep-fried crust can be heard plain across the room.

Laksa @ CASSIA

A bowl of curry noodles at Bryant Ng's French-Asian hangout in Santa Monica booms with all the fish-sauce funk and spicy-coconutmilk kick that you'd get in Singapore. Pair with Cassia's piña colada.



Fine writing instruments and lifestyle accessories that define the art of being English.



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My sister has a shik tzu puppy that O genuinely adore, but O'm met with sniggers all around when 0 take him out for a walk Of doesn't help that she often sticks a velvet bow on his head because it's "adorbs". Should D get myself a manlier dog? -Dustan 25

0

HOTEL CARUSO

February 14, 2016

Dustin.

There is nothing like a manlier dog. Dogs are dogs and not handbags. The purpose of being with the dog is that he gets to walk, not that you prove your masculinity. Besides, there's nothing more exciting than drawing the attention of people, especially when all you're doing is taking the dog out. Think of it that way and you might recover some bit of self-esteem.



Is your puppy making you feel like less of a man? Is your life in meltdown? Our jetsetting agony uncle Suhel Seth rides to your emotional rescue

Where should 0 go for my next summer vacation?

O've recently moved from Pelki to Mumbai for work and my colleagues tell me O stick out like a sore thumb. O desperately want to fit in. Please help?

-Shuchir, 26

February 10, 2016

Sameer,

The Goring

I would have suggested Delhi, but then the goddamn odd-even formula will ensure it's not very jolly. You could choose Manali if you want to be in the footsteps of Shiva. Or if you're reasonably well-off, you might want to get invited to some hideous Indian wedding in Venice, or for that matter Versailles. Just depends on whose money you wish to spend and what you are seeking. I know of many people who just have their holidays when they are away from their spouse.

February 2, 2016

Shuchir.

For starters, bitch out Delhi. Secondly, stop calling it Mumbai. It's Bombay for anyone who's been here for more than a cutting chai. Then when you enter any home, marvel at its size. You could also whine about the fact that you can't go sailing in this weather, or how your Gangu bai gives you attitude. If all else fails, speak in flawless English and then they'll know for sure... 🌣

SHARE vour questions for Suhel at: GQadvice@ condenast.in SHIRTS FROM Rs. 1,095

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what you need - more often than not, they'll make it happen.

When in London

stay at the Rosewood. The design captures English heritage and yet is refreshingly contemporary. **DON'T FORGET** to ask for one of the hotel's many Aston Martins and Jaguar XJLs for a complimentary drop-off in

At the Hong Kong airport, call ahead to

central London.

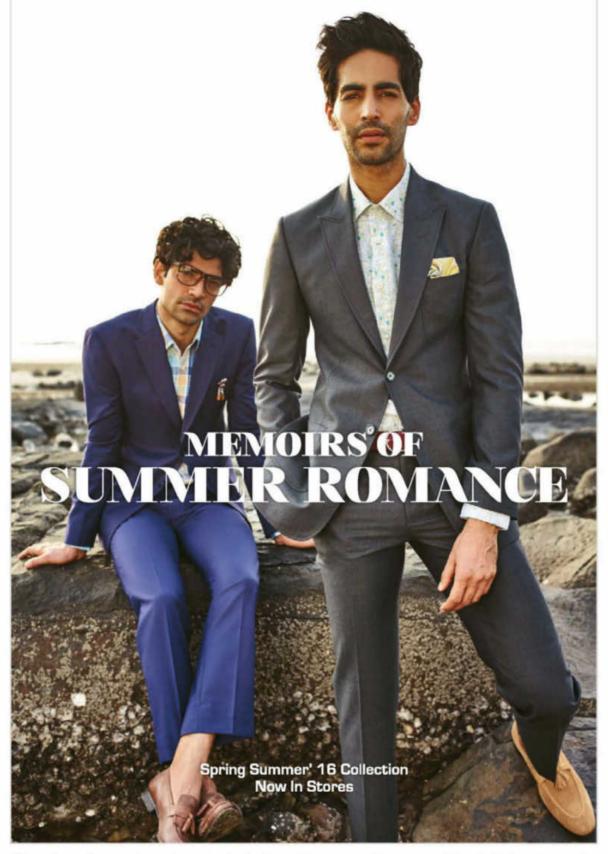
DON'T FORGET to visit the Café Gray Bar at the Upper House hotel in Hong Kong for the hottest crowd and coolest view.

The only failsafe way to get into an international nightclub is to call in advance, be polite and book a table. Even the most advanced concierge service at a high-end hotel has limitations.

DON'T FORGET to dress sharp.

and coffee houses, for one-on-one interactions with the designers and the chance to hobnob with some of the world's elite.

VORDS: MEGHA SHAH. IMAGE: GETTY IMAGES (COPENHAGEN), FB-ALLWECANDID (OLD FASHIONED)



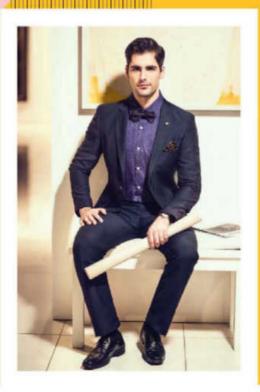
The charming notes of muted shades, dreamy patterns and tasteful textures to ring in a Spring Summer affair.







He's slick, suave and sexy in all the right ways. And when he dresses up in ARROW's- Spring Summer '16 collection, he himself looks like a piece of art. The ensemble, inspired by this interesting art form showcases an interesting interplay of geometric prints and structures in this season's trendiest pastel hues.



THE MILLENNIAL MODE-ARROW'S SS16 COLLECTION

There's a new guard of sharp-looking professionals out there: Millennials who are ready to embrace the unconventional, both in terms of career and style. They've dumped the suited and booted look for something that's got a lot more swag, AKA ARROW's Spring/Summer 2016 collection inspired from the Modern Art era which showcases geometric prints in all their glory.



MEET THE COOL MUSICIAN...

From his melodious harmonies to his contagious beat, his style is finely balanced and tuned with ARROW Sport's classics. Taking cues from a nautical lifestyle, this collection of beautifully washed shirts and nautical-inspired graphic tees is inspired from European destinations like Italy, Venice and Morocco.





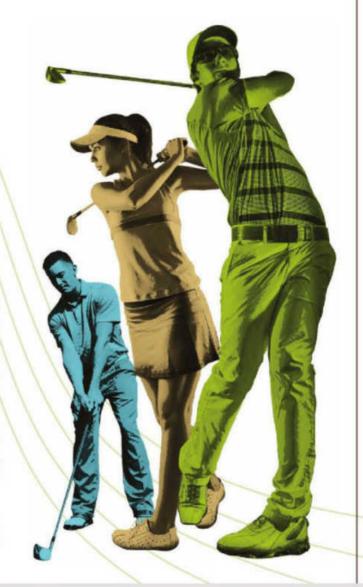


INDIA GOLF AWARDS 2016 Doffing our hats to the best in the game!

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Golf legends like Gary Player, Peter Thomson and young guns Anirban Lahiri, Shiv Kapur, Chikkarangappa, Vani Kapoor are amongst the many who have graced this bespoke event celebrating the sport. A stylised evening which recognises, rewards and raises the bar in golf - India Golf Awards is the one place for golf stars and business achievers.

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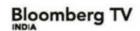


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REVENGE F THE SIXES

Let's not beat around the bush: T20 cricket is all about the fireworks. A bowler could pick up three maiden overs in a row, and the only thing people would talk about is how he got his backside handed to him in the fourth. Since you're going to watch this World Cup just for that reason, here are the guys to keep your eyes on

IN ASSOCIATION WITH





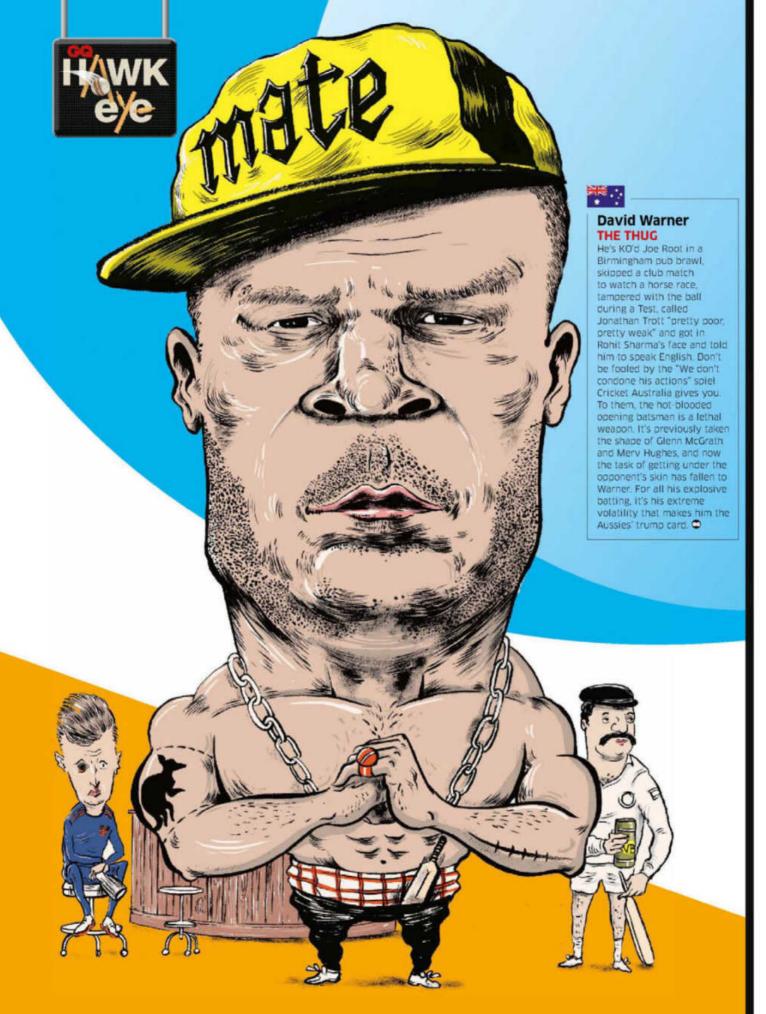
Most people only paid attention to the 28-year-old after Sachin Tendulkar and Ricky Ponting waxed lyrical about him as he led the Mumbai Indians to their second IPL title last year. But Sharma's been a key performer since the 2013 ICC Champions Trophy, scoring in excess of 50 runs in 21 out of the 55 innings he's played. Unlike vice cap Virat Kohli, this assassin doesn't need to be fired up to put bowlers to the sword – his icy, calculating nature is enough.

Superman, indeed.



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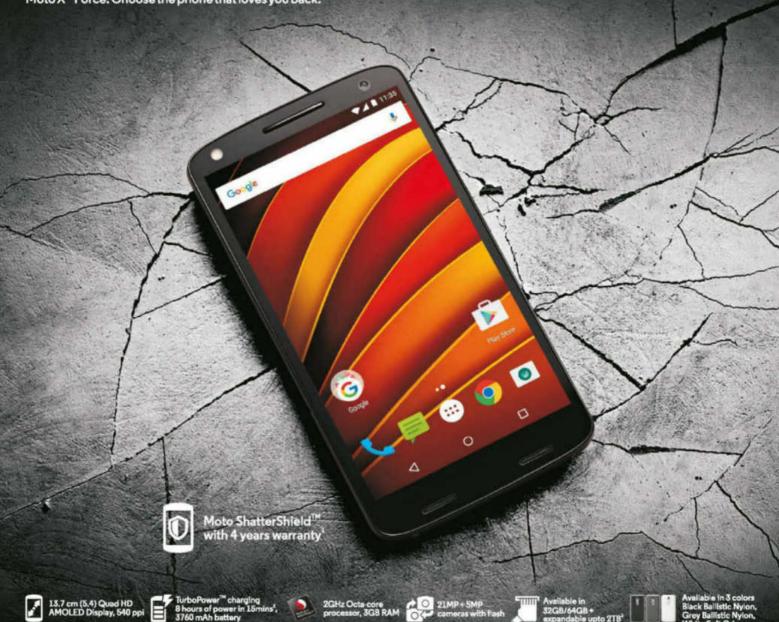
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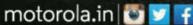




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GARDEN OF

India's cricketing cauldron of passion is the perfect host for the T20 World Cup final, says Gautam Bhimani

he most fashionable spot in Calcutta in the 1830s was a meticulously manicured garden adjacent to the regal ramparts of Fort William and the meandering Hooghly River. Known as the Auckland Circus Gardens, it was named after the Governor General at the time, who lovingly developed and frequented its majestically paved boulevards.

The park was soon renamed for Lord Auckland's sisters, Emily and Fanny Eden, who had taken over responsibility for the grounds. Under their care, bands

played, botanic authorities ensured its slick maintenance and the sartorially elegant public of this truly grand city turned it into *the* place to be seen. But the true significance of the Garden of Eden was yet to be born.

In 1864, under the stewardship of Bengal Lieutenant Governor Sir Cecil Beadon, the Calcutta Cricket Club took over a section of the parkland, which also included a grand old pavilion. On that very spot today rises the majestic coliseum that has witnessed some of the fiercest cricketing battles of the past century-and-a-half.







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While many teams, both county and country, visited, international cricket at the highest level was born in January 1934 with the visit of Douglas Jardine's Marylebone Cricket Club, making Eden Gardens the oldest active Test venue in India.

• • •

he first time I spent all five days at a Test at Eden Gardens was the turn of the year in 1978-79. The West Indies team, captained by Alvin Kallicharran (already handicapped by the loss of many marquee players to the Packer World Series), was in town. As always, the ground was packed well before a ball was bowled. Watching cricket at Eden Gardens was an elaborate event, not just an outing: Gents rolled up in their best blazers, crisply starched cravats and handsome hats; the ladies showed off chic sarees or smart trousers and tops, picnic hampers in tow; the distinct scent of pipe tobacco punctuated the crisp winter chill, blending with the mouth-watering aroma of the Bijoli Grill mutton biryani and fish fry being prepared for the lunch interval. And the cricket itself provided just desserts: Sunil Gavaskar in that Test scored a century in each innings, his masterly second showing of 182* contributing to a 344-run partnership with Dilip Vengsarkar.

Years later, the world's eyes turned towards India as it prepared to host a World Cup for the first time in 1987, and Eden Gardens was the natural choice for the Final.

The 355-run nartnershin between Laxman and Dravid didn't only win India the match against Australia in 2001. With match-fixing allegations rife at the time their performance gave Indian cricket hope for a better future

It wasn't just the spectators who brought out their best blazers back in the day - the groundsmen did too



Despite India and Pakistan both being upset in the semi-finals, the ground was bursting at the seams to witness the game's founding Test nations, Australia and England, face off for the trophy. Pulling in crowds was never an issue for the fourth-largest cricket stadium in the world – even if India wasn't one of the teams in the middle.

While Rohit Sharma's double hundred in an ODI against Sri Lanka in 2014 will be fresh in the minds of many, a quick survey to determine the greatest cricketing achievement at this venue reveals a unanimous answer: The epic great escape of 2001 against Australia, orchestrated by the wristy magic of VVS Laxman and combined with the stubborn artistry of Rahul Dravid. Laxman's individual 281 was recently voted the greatest Test performance of the last 50 years by an eminent panel of cricket experts. The performance was heady stuff, befitting the very stature of an arena steeped in history and exuding excellence.

But every zenith has its nadir. Whether or not linked to the city's intellectual ideologies or its Marxist principles. Eden Gardens has over a period of time become known for its spirited fans' voices of dissent - whether it involved crowds rioting in 1966-67 and 1969-70 over the availability of tickets; showing fruitful displeasure at Sunil Gavaskar (who was, literally, pelted with oranges) over the dropping of Kapil Dev and a delayed declaration in the third Test against England in 1984; the infamous World Cup Semi-Final of 1996, in which the crowd simply couldn't digest India's ignominious exit from the marquee tournament; or even the vehement protest that followed the clash between Shoaib Akhtar and Sachin Tendulkar in 1999, and led to a complete eviction of the crowd, with the match being completed in front of a ghostly spectre of empty stands.

But even those damaging memories all go to show that Eden Gardens has always been a blend of history, passion, deep-rooted knowledge and appreciation of the game. It is a heady cocktail that will come to the fore again when the ground plays host to another World Cup Final in 2016. In keeping with the times, this will be a World Cup of the sport's newest and most abbreviated format, a far cry from the languid contests enacted in gentlemanly white flannels in the 19th century. But just like in that era, the crowd will fill up the stadium, waiting for the cricket to provide just desserts.

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MENSWEAR REPORT

EVENING JACKET

STRIPES

MADRAS CHECKS

FLORALS

DRESS SHOES

FOLIOS

CHINOISERIE

BAGGY PANTS

BACKPACKS

GREEN

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FASHION

TRAVEL TILIZ

GREY

MIIMRAT

HARRINGTON JACKET

DFI LIXE SPORT

OFFICE BAGS

PTNK

BLUE SUEDE

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SUMMER

LAYERING

BOMBERS

NEW YORK

CAPSULE

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GOLD

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GENDER-BENDING

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RUNWAYS

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PARIS

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SPRING/SUMMER 2016

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EVERYTHING THAT'S HOT RIGHT NOW

> **UNITED COLORS** OF BENETTON.

IN ASSOCIATION WITH

SPRING/SUMMER 2016 COLLECTION

THE NEW RULES OF STYLE

Master this season's biggest trends: bright colours, bold motifs, cool graphics, wide stripes and busy florals – it's all about winning next-level menswear points this season. And United Colors of Benetton's Spring/Summer 2016 collection is completely in stride with the trends that are having their special moment in the spotlight. It's fresh, slick and has every style to take you from drab to dapper in seconds. Now it all depends on how you put it together – read: like a baller

UNITED COLORS OF BENETTON.









You could wear any driving mocs and look ready for summer, but to really kick it in top gear, this ocean-kissed pair by **Tod's** is the easiest, breeziest way to get there.









THERE'S THE BACKPACK... It's graduated from trend to year-round wardrobe essential. And it's

easy to see why: The backpack is effortless to carry and spacious enough to dig through. Plus, nobody will make techie jokes so long as yours is made in the kind of leather you want to keep petting.

...AND THE JACKPACK

When we first saw a trench sticking out of a backpack at Z Zegna, it seemed like an absurd contraption. Until a model put it on and made it look like the most genius innovation. Next-level conceptual fashion FTW.







Bringing down the

house Rohit Gandhi



W VANHEUSEN GQ

FASHION NIGHTS

GQ CELEBRATES INDIAN MENSWEAR

Seven designers over two nights at a spectacular event. Fashion Nights, *GQ*'s latest style extravaganza in association with Van Heusen, put Indian menswear on the international map.





GQ PICKS: FASHION NIGHT'S TOP 5 LOOKS. BUT WHERE DO YOU WEAR THEM?



CITY BEATS



We are what we listen to - United Colors of Benetton swears by this with its latest collection. Think of the iconic style of musicians like Mick Jagger and Johnny Cash - UCB mimics their looks in a modern avatar for the fashion-forward guy. From striped long-sleeved shirts and slim-fit waistcoats to T-shirts featuring newspaper prints, vivid colour-blocking and portraits of musicians, these are the items you must invest in. As for the collection's cult look? It's got to be the anarchy shirt which combines classic lines with unique prints and colours with a pair of faded and digitalized denim.

UNITED COLORS OF BENETTON.





Actor & GQ Best-Dressed Man

PHOTO: KENNETH LAM (KHANNA), R BURMAN (HAT). MODEL: NAMIT KHANNA (HAT). HAIR & MAKE-UP: MONA ANAND/BBLUNT (HAT). IMAGE: INDIGITAL MEDIA (RAMP)

⁶⁶ If like me you don't like owning a lot of clothes, mixing and matching is a good way to give your wardrobe longevity. Also, there's a certain irreverence to pairing the expensive with the inexpensive."



WEAR YOUR PANTS LIKE IT'S WOODSTOCK

Here's a brill idea: you know your dad's baggy, comfy-as-fuck bell bottoms from 40 years ago? Repurpose the style in slicker form, and wear it to work.



Every now and then European designers look to India for inspiration. Last summer, Louis Vuitton's artistic director Kim Jones got Jaipur-happy. This year, Ermenegildo Zegna's now ex-creative director Stefano Pilati revived Madras checks in colours and weaves that modern-day beatniks, dandies and streetwear kings alike will be sporting.

FLORISTOPIA



Admit it. Florals are cool. In UCB's Spring/ Summer 2016 collection, they are very, very cool. So boys, go all out with the micro allover floral prints or by pairing a shirt or polo with flower-printed Bermuda shorts or a bloom-motifed denim. The separates are fun, fresh and youthful and pair great with distressed jeans. Or try out the shirts with original tie-dye effects and a colour spectrum that ranges from lime to leaf green, sky blue to beige, sable to ivory and more.

UNITED COLORS OF BENETTON.

LL DOWN WITH DENIM

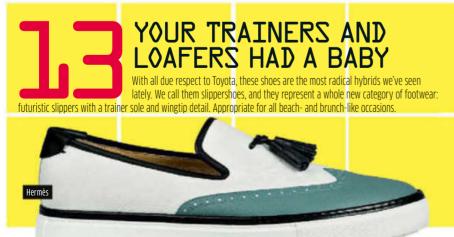
The divide between denim and black tie seems pointless with the world's biggest fashion houses (McQueen, Dior Homme) repurposing the bluecollar staple in every form imaginable – ripped, torn, washed and shredded. It's only a matter of time before the MET pays homage to it.





THE ONLY SUIT TO TRAVEL IN

When you want to do cartwheels in the aisle after knocking back vodka tonics served by the hot air stewardess, make sure you're wearing Paul Smith's travel suit. Now available in pastel colours for when your boarding card reads "Destination: St Bart's".





POLITICIANS ARE CRIMINALS

As are capitalists and anyone trying to mess with the climate, according to **Vivienne Westwood**'s campaign. The Dame has spoken.

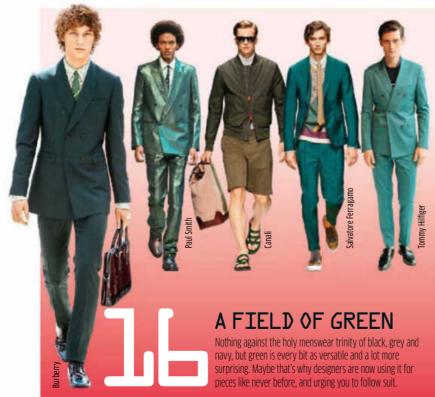
SMART CASUAL



Sometimes keeping it simple is all you need for your style to go from boring to badass. UCB's Spring/ Summer 2016 collection is relaxed, casual, comfortable and cool. Go crazy in comfort with the combination of a cool shorts-suit ensemble with linen Bermuda shorts, a slim fit jacket and mandarincollared shirt. The collection showcases breathable fabrics, refreshing hues of sky blue and white, wellconstructed cuts and natural, quality yarns, making anything from it perfect for travel, work or play.

UNITED COLORS OF BENETTON.





17 MAKE GREY MATTER

A grey blazer is essential, but it's not basic. Over a white T-shirt or black? Pocket square or brooch? Buttons or no buttons? Play with the variables until you find one that's yours.

BLAZER BY **SS HOMME.** VEST BY **CALVIN KLEIN.** TROUSERS BY **DOLCE & GABBANA.** POCKET SQUARE BY **VAN HEUSEN**

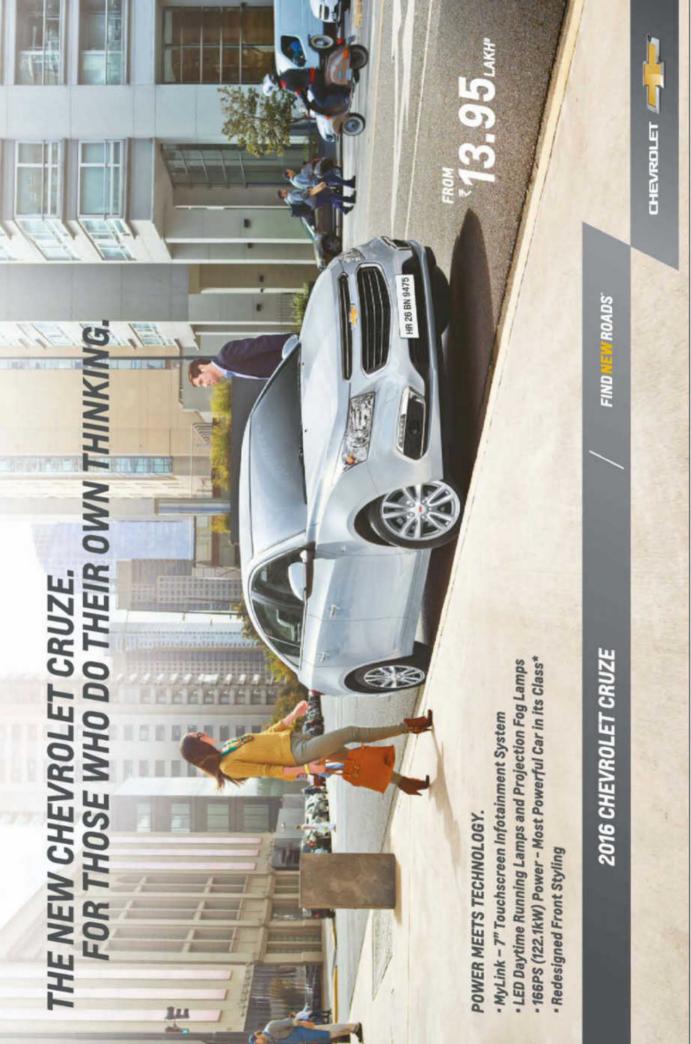


KITZ VAIN AZZCIIL

Creative Director, Dior Homme

Put your own stamp on fashion by rolling up a sleeve unexpectedly or breaking the stiffness of a suit with acid-bright sneakers. An over-respect for codes doesn't leave much room for excitement.

114 – **11** MARCH 2016



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20

THE BEST SETS
From Dior Homme's Lily of the Valley garden party and Gucci's neon lights to Burberry's full-blown symphony, these

are the menswear shows that stood out.



THE BOMBER TO BUY NOW

There are about a thousand bombers out there by luxury designers and high-street labels, in everything from leather to neoprene. But if there's one to buy right now, it's **Koovs**' versatile puffy version that lets you seamlessly transition from spring to monsoon.



put on sumptuous leather goods - at Colette was on point.

PHOTO: R BURMAN (SUMMER). MODEL: NAMIT KHANNA (SUMMER). HAIR & MAKE-UP: MONA ANAND/BBLUNT (SUMMER). IMAGE: INDIGITAL MEDIA (RAMP), GETTY IMAGES



Artistic Director, Hermès

Wearing a scarf is about attitude. A man should wrap one around his neck, maybe two times, but not tightly like women do. It should be nonchalant 99



DON THAT DRAPE

Loose trousers, voluminous drapes and easy silhouettes that don't make you look like a prissy boy outta Princeton are ubiquitous, from India to indie queen Vivienne Westwood's atelier.







France At Your Own Pace



Take on authentic "Be There! Do That!" discoveries of the picturesque Midi-Pyrénées region nestled in South-West France. Create your own trail in this rustic region on a driving holiday or a biking expedition combined with a discovery of local wine and gastronomy that add the right flavour to your sojourn!





AN INITIATIVE OF THE REGIONAL TOURIST BOARD OF THE MID! PYRENEES







A "Be There! Do That!" Discovery Trail in the Midi-Pyrénées

If a self-drive holiday or a cycling trail is on top of your wish-list this summer, then head to the Midi-Pyrénées located in South-West France for an experience like no other. Create your own circuit that starts from Pink City Toulouse and takes you on discoveries of historic cities, picturesque villages and verdant vineyards. Whether with family or friends, this "roadie" escapade is sure to leave you with intoxicating memories!

Taking Off From Toulouse

Flag off your holiday from Pink City Toulouse, the capital of the region. Discover its historic city center and its renowned iconic venues such as the Capitole City Hall and the St Sernin Basilica . Gourmands can make a stop at the Victor Hugo covered market which is one of the most prestigious markets in all of France. Include retail therapy on your agenda or enjoy a mellow evening in Toulouse with a leisurely boat cruise on the Garonne.

Of Quaint Villages, Historical Towns and Vineyard Visits

Start your morning with a discovery of the Gaillac vineyards located at 60 kms from Toulouse. The Saint Michel Abbey which is a museum of wine acquaints you with Gaillac wines. Sip, savour and take some back home for friends or family! A 15 minute drive brings you to Episcopal City Albi which is UNESCO Classified. Discover its heritage with visits to the Sainte Cecile Cathedral and the Palais de Berbie which houses the Toulouse-Lautrec museum. Not too far from Albi, lies the prettily perched village of Cordes-sur-Ciel. Enjoy a ramble in its beautiful garden-Jardins des Paradis. Close to this quaint village, lies the stunning Aveyron Gorge and the quaint village of St Antonin Noble Val; shooting locations for the Hollywood movie, "The Hundred-Foot Journey".

Exploring Valleys and Vineyards

Start your day with a visit to charming St Cirq Lapopie listed as one of the "Most Beautiful Villages of France". A rocky spur standing high above the river, St Cirq Lapopie invites you to discover its labyrinth of narrow old streets and houses dating from the medieval period. Tuck into lunch at Cahors located at 40 km from the village. Stop by at the Cahors Malbec Lounge that is dedicated to Cahors wine and vineyards. Do not miss a discovery of the town classified as a Great Tourist Site of Midi-Pyrénées. Explore the Cahors vineyards through the touristic Lot Valley route interspersed with charming villages.

Brandy Discoveries

An encounter with the world renowned Armagnac brandy awaits you. Plan a visit to Château de Cassaigne, nestled in picture-perfect landscapes to raise a brandy toast! Add a little bit of heritage to your agenda with a visit to Flaran Abbey reputed to be one of the best preserved abbeys in South-West France. Continue the vineyard experience with an overnight in Armagnac wine lands or say à bientôt to the Midi-Pyrénées on your way back to Toulouse located at 90 minutes from the vineyards.

For more information log on to: http://www.tourism-midi-pyrenees.co.uk





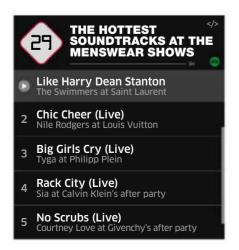
STRAPLESS ISN'T JUST FOR HER

For eons, man purses were like turtlenecks: practical but too girly. Until now. In 2016 you can use one to carry your iPad, power bank, vape pen, Marlboros. But if anyone asks (and people will), call it a folio, not a murse.

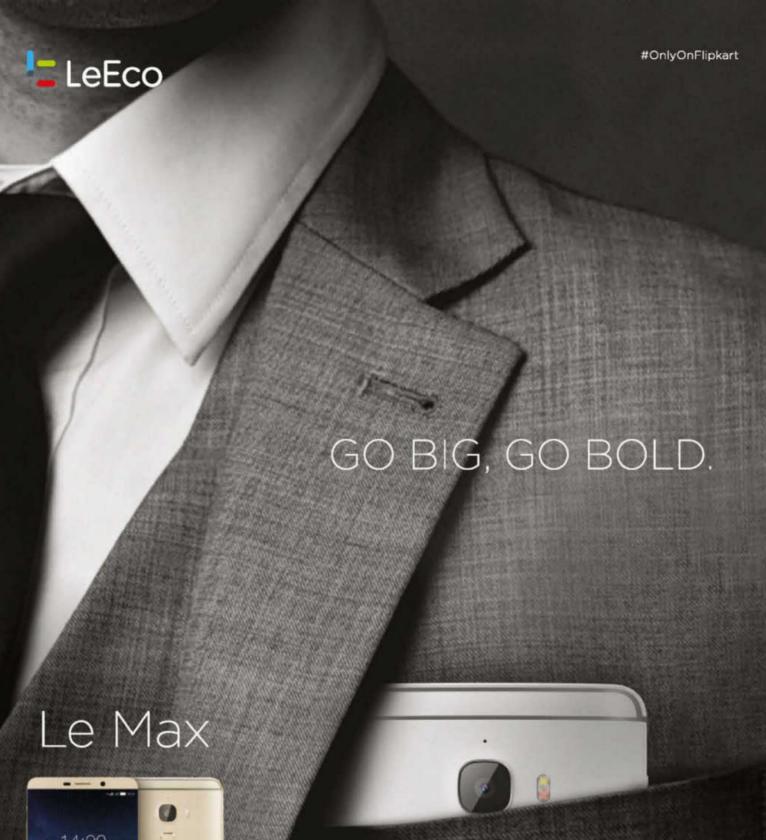


SUMMER LIKE IT'S '69

Yes, we're telling you to buy a jacket for summer. No, we're not drunk. The featherweight fabric of this Corneliani Harrington has been revived to give you a rumpled, retro appeal. Wear it unsparingly.















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37 THE LABELS WE WANT TO SEE IN INDIA



O PUBLIC SCHOOL. They took home the CFDA's Menswear Designer of the Year award last year and were tapped to become creative directors at DKNY, but it's native New Yorkers David-Yi Chow and Maxwell Osborne's streetwear-infused label that's got industry insiders really talking.



SAINT LAURENT. In the fashion house that the cool kids call SLP, Hedi Slimane continues to explore every slick, dark corner of rock 'n' roll style that'll be right at home with Magnetic Fields loyalists and hipster millennials.



AMI. Short for designer Alexandre Matthiussi, and "friend" in French. But there's nothing friendly about the way this superwearable label is taking over the menswear space.



DOLCE & GABBANA. The czars of Italian fashion may be different people for different things: casting Olympian models, provocative campaigns, getting embroiled in controversy. But everyone's up to speed on their very sharp menswear, including SRK and Virat Kohli.



MODEL: NAYAAN (DENIMS), HAIR & MAKE-UP; MONA ANAND/BBLUNT (DENIMS)

MAGE: INDIGITAL MEDIA (RAMP), GETTY IMAGES, REX FEATURES



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LUXE SPORT GOT BUMPED UP TO DELUXE

Slacks under shorts and baggy jumpers are rightfully confined to the closets of Nineties rappers. The new way to sport the sporty is like you're sipping whisky sours at the Gymkhana, not heading to a rundown gym across the street.



THE TUX ON LSD

No one cuts a classic black tux better than Tom Ford (proof: see 007). Now the flamboyant designer's gone and made these irresistible refraction cocktail jackets. Condolences to your credit card.



MEET CANALI'S CREATIVE CONSULTANTA ANDREA POMPILIO

he next time you see a young, rakish man enter a Canali store, it's likely that Pompilio had something to do with it. The Pesaro-born designer worked at high-end houses like Prada, Calvin Klein and Saint Laurent, before launching his own label in 2010. But in 2014, he joined Canali, the 82-year-old Italian brand driven by classic tailoring and a strong sense of heritage, and reinvented it with a luxe sportswear vibe.

What was your first day at Canali like?

First days are always strange, especially when you jump into a new company. I'm a very cosmopolitan person and the Canali family is very heritage-driven. For the first ten minutes, I had my guard up – thinking about what I have to do, how I need to act. But they made me feel at ease. Now, I'm a part of the family.

Did you go in with the intention of turning the brand's aesthetic around?

It's such a strong company, I didn't want to make a drastic change. People like Canali for what it's already doing so it would've been stupid for me to cancel everything and start again. What I wanted to do was rework a little bit of proportion, colour and material to make it fresher.

Tell us about your first collection.

It was a capsule for Spring/Summer 2015. I'm obsessed with the Fifties because one of my grandfathers always looked immaculate.





It was a very strong time where there was this explosion of beauty. Men had beautiful faces, beautiful hair, no beards. That was the inspiration for me. Even if they wore a black T-shirt and chinos, they'd look perfectly polished. That's the direction I had for an elegant brand like Canali and the capsule was a reflection of that.

How did your grandfather inspire you?

I grew up in my grandmother's boutique, and that's why I'm obsessed with fashion. At the same time, my grandfather was probably one of the most elegant men in my hometown of Pesaro in Italy. He had the convertible, women would cry over him. He wasn't a playboy, but was the kind of guy men envied. My other grandfather was a soldier. He was also beautifully dressed and always wore his uniform: a double-breasted military jacket. For my collections at Canali, I always have these two men in mind.

How much of your sportswear aesthetic do you bring into the brand?

Quite a lot. Canali is very strong sartorially and helps me with things like finishing and quality because it's got much more expertise in that area. What I bring in are new proportions and colours. And I push hard for them. Few people know this but Canali's history started with a trench coat factory, which is interesting because the trench is rooted in sportswear. So the result now is very luxurious sportswear. Every ensemble is made with the most expensive material, and every detail is thought through.

How has menswear progressed in the last ten years?

Menswear has changed a lot, and unbelievably so. Menswear and womenswear are at the same level now – men know about fashion, they know about beauty. Before, a man would walk into a store and ask for help. Now, he walks in knowing exactly what he wants. Men have also changed their approach to dressing. In Europe, for example, a lot of men between 45 and 55 look like they're 25. And 25-year-olds look like the father. When a guy turns 18, he's dressed in a tuxedo. His father will go to his birthday in sneakers. The mindset's completely



ARE YOU CANALI ENOUGH?

"I design for a very strong, very contemporary man. A man who travels a lot. He has to be confident and chic" reversed. Men also look for quality – they want the perfect jacket, the perfect details, the perfect silhouette.

A lot of designers are breaking gender norms with fashion. What's your take on bringing femininity to a strictly men's brand?

I want to keep it very, very masculine. Take for example the S/S 2016 collection: We've used a lot of silk organza, which is a feminine material, but the approach isn't. When I started working in fashion 20 years ago, it was the same: Some female models were completely without hair. Men had long hair. Everything was very confusing. Now it's coming back. At runway shows, you can't tell if a model's a man or woman.

What kind of man do you design for?

I design for a very strong, very contemporary man. A man who travels a lot. He has to be confident and chic. He shouldn't have to dress up because he has to represent somebody, but for the pleasure of dressing up – for the pleasure of having a beautiful jacket. And that means he's not scared to experiment with red or pink.

What inspires you every day?

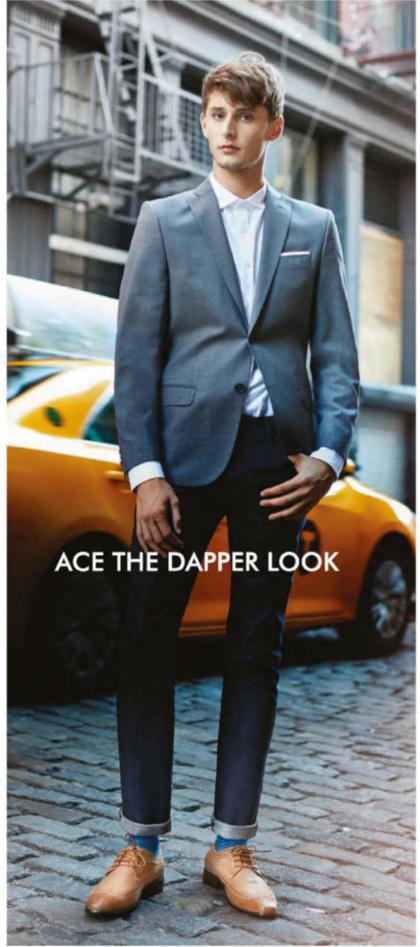
People-watching is my biggest inspiration. I love to sit in a restaurant when I'm in a big city like New York, London or Istanbul and analyze people – the way they're dressing, how they've put their clothes together, even if it's not a nice look. For me, the latter is the most inspiring. Because even in the worst look, you can find something interesting.

Which designers inspire vour work?

I keep an eye on everyone. It's nice to know what your colleagues are doing. I spend a lot of time on my computer tracking the shows in Milan, Paris and London. The most inspiring designer for me was Lee McQueen. And then there's Commes des Garçons. Prada as well.

How do you unwind?

When I'm full of energy, instead of getting a massage to calm down, I get a tattoo. I'm a Leo, and I've been told I have a lot of energy inside me, and a tattoo balances me out. I got one when I was 18 and it's hard to stop. I never go with a design but decide in the moment what's special to me and get inked. It's a very strange approach.





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STYLE TIF

49



RAJESH PRATAP SINGH

Designer

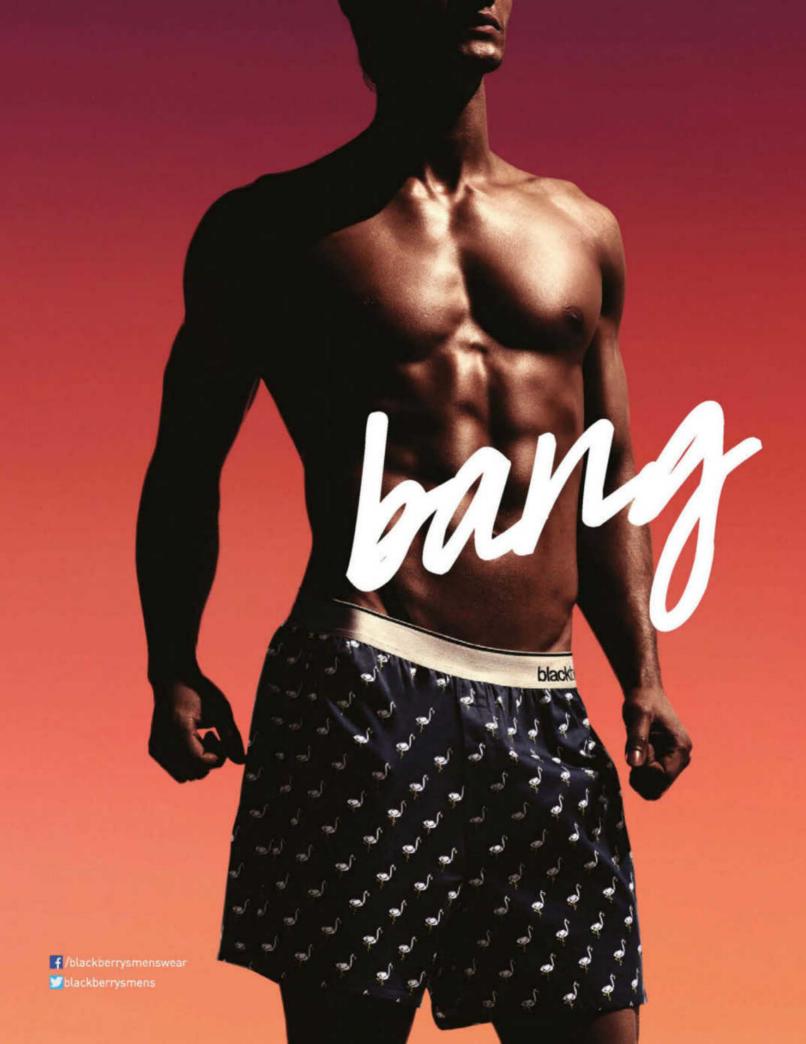
Adding a twist to a classic is great – this is especially true for menswear. You can also play with proportion, colour and styling to make an ensemble interesting.



DEREK ZOOLANDER AND HANSEL ARE BACK

If you missed the moment Ben Stiller and Owen Wilson stormed down **Valentino**'s Fall/Winter '15 runway, here's a recap: one in a dark electric blue suit, the other in shiny light blue pyjamas. Then Harry Styles and Zayn Malik made it their own, and a legit trend for S/S 2016.



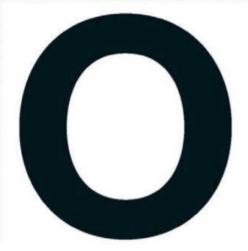












On a recent trip to the Johnson Space Center in Houston to commemorate the ultimately safe return of the *Apollo 13* mission, our group was most struck by how primitive the technology used in the space programme looks today. It is as if astronauts went into orbit in little more than a glorified dustbin. Indeed, the story goes that the computing power available to NASA back then was less than that of a modern smartphone.

But the truth is, primitive or not, the space programme is no further today than it was nearly half a century ago. The last man to have walked on the moon was Gene Cernan in 1972. And one of the most valuable tools he had was the humble mechanical chronograph.

The space programmes of both the US and the Soviet Union have seen many horological firsts. However, the first watch to leave the earth's atmosphere was on the wrist of Yuri Gagarin, who ventured into the unknown on April 12, 1961, when he took off from the Baikonur Cosmodrome in modern-day Kazakhstan.

There is, however, some disagreement over the model on Gagarin's wrist – and he can't answer himself as he died in 1968 when the MiG-15 training jet he was piloting crashed.

The most likely contender is a Sturmanskie. This Soviet brand was created in 1949 but was not available to the public. Gagarin and his fellow pilots were each issued a Sturmanskie after graduating from the Chkalov Air Force Pilot School in Orenberg, 1,000 miles south-east of Moscow and close to the Kazakh border.

The brand is still available – and now non-pilots can buy its watches. They are made by a Swiss-Russian partnership and mainly produced in Switzerland. The company makes a big deal out of its Gagarin connection, although there are



THE FIRST SWISS
TIMEPIECE TO
SHRUG OFF THE
SURLY BONDS
OF EARTH WAS A
HEUER STOPWATCH
WORN BY JOHN
GLENN

arguments about its accuracy. The model it claims was worn on *Vostok 1* was only issued to students until 1953 – four years before Gagarin himself graduated – and there are doubts as to whether it would have survived the trip.

Sotheby's sold another Gagarin watch in 1993 for \$25,875. The model in question was supposedly a Rodina – a claim still supported by some European collectors. To muddy the waters still further, the watch displayed by the Moscow Museum Of Cosmonauts as the watch is another Russian brand, a Pobeda (Russian for "victory" – a brand name chosen by Stalin).

The first watch to be worn in open space was the white-faced Strela (Russian for "arrow") on the wrist of 30-year-old cosmonaut Alexey Leonov when he left the *Voskhod 2* spacecraft on March 18, 1965, for the first space walk (or EVA – extravehicular activity – as it is technically known). This brand had first been issued to Soviet pilots in the Fifties and became the standard cosmonaut timepiece until it was withdrawn in 1979. Today Strela has been reborn as a German brand in Munich.

On the other side of the Atlantic,





HERE'S TO THE EFFORTLESS.

STYLE FOR MEN BY







NASA engineer James Ragan debunked a myth that the watches used by NASA were bought

secretly from Corrigan's, a Houston jeweller

CLEAN ROOM GARMENTS WILL BE WORN AT ALL TIMES WHEN PROCESSING FLIGHT HARDWARE.

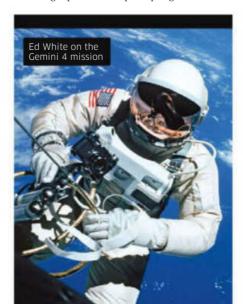
THE WATCH MOST PEOPLE ASSOCIATE WITH THE SPACE RACE IS THE OMEGA SPEEDMASTER – THE FIRST WATCH TO WALK ON THE MOON

the American space programme put its trust in the Swiss watch industry. The first Swiss timepiece to shrug off the surly bonds of earth was a Heuer stopwatch worn by John Glenn when he became the first American to orbit the planet on February 20, 1962, on the *Friendship 7* mission. TAG Heuer is understandably proud but is scrupulous in describing itself as the first Swiss watchmaker in space – note: not watch.

The honour of being the first Swiss wristwatch to go into orbit belongs to Breitling, thanks to the 24-hour Navitimer worn by Scott Carpenter when he lifted off three months later. Carpenter had been one of the original seven astronauts chosen by NASA for Project Mercury in 1959 along with John Glenn. He was also Glenn's back-up pilot. He had suggested the Navitimer to NASA, who then developed the model he wore. Unfortunately - and a little ironically - the model wasn't waterproof, so, having survived the pressures of space, it was damaged by seawater when Carpenter splashed down in the Atlantic.

The watch most people associate with the Space Race, however, is the Omega Speedmaster – the first watch to walk on the moon. On July 21, 1969, Buzz Aldrin, of the *Apollo 11* mission, became the second man to stroll on the moon's surface, and his Omega (reference ST105.012) the first watch – it should have been Neil Armstrong's timepiece, but unfortunately as the latter prepared to make a giant leap for mankind, he had to leave it behind as the lunar module's electronic timer had malfunctioned. Sadly, having made it all the way back to earth safely, Aldrin's Speedmaster was lost in transit when he sent it off to be saved for posterity.

The Speedmaster had originally been developed for use by the artillery in battle but soon became a firm favourite with pilots. When NASA was looking for official chronographs for its space programme



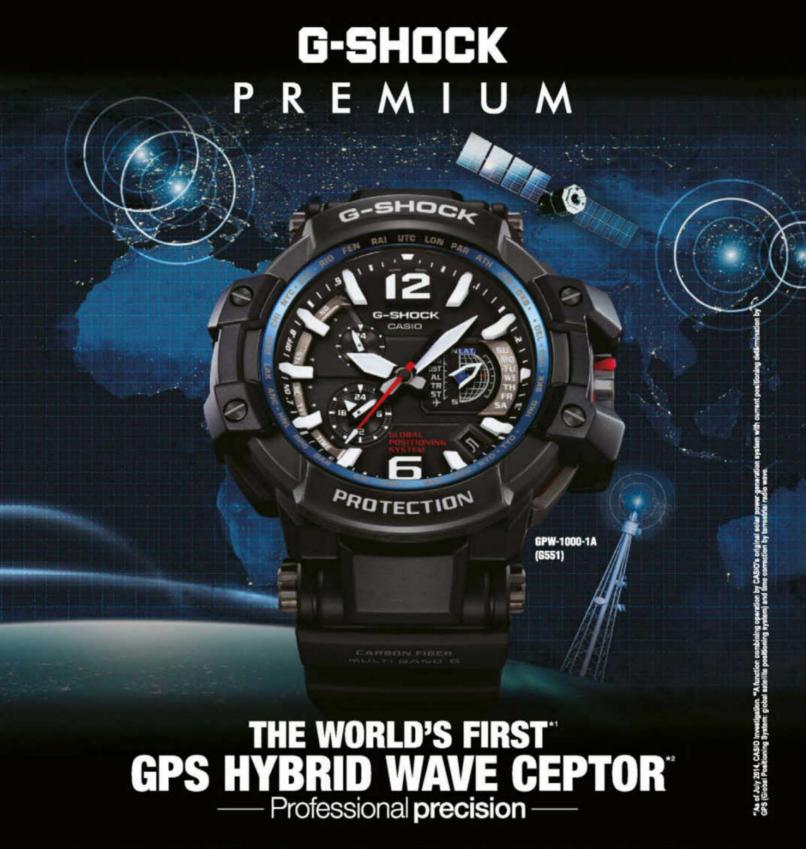


Having come through the tests with flying colours, the Omega Speedmaster went into space on *Gemini* 3 in March 1965. Several months later, Ed White made the first American space walk wearing a Speedmaster during the *Gemini* 4 mission. Today, the Speedmaster is still the only watch certified by NASA for EVA.

All the above watches are manual winding, so the first known automatic chronograph in space was the Seiko 6139 that was worn by the American astronaut William R Pogue. He was the pilot of Skylab 4, confusingly the third (and final) manned visit to the Skylab Orbital Workshop in 1973. His tour of duty was the longest to that date, lasting 84 days until his return in February 1974. The watch he wore is now known as the "Poque Seiko". Of course, the digital watch made it out there, too. The Speedmaster X-33 was a joint development between Omega and NASA and claimed to be the first watch to be designed with the active participation of astronauts. Although worn by a number of astronauts on several missions, it was not a success with the public and was discontinued - and has now recently been updated and reintroduced.

Having flown the flag for Switzerland early on in the space race, in 2012 TAG Heuer became involved with Elon Musk's SpaceX programme. The TAG Heuer Carrera Calibre 1887 SpaceX Chronograph was launched to celebrate the 50th anniversary of John Glenn's first orbit. Designed to echo Glenn's Heuer stopwatch, it was space-tested aboard the SpaceX's *Dragon*, the first commercial spacecraft to visit the International Space Station in May that year.

Other brands that are known to have boldly gone include the Swiss brand Fortis, which has supplied the official watch of the Russian cosmonaut programme since 1994. In 1985, the German cosmonaut Reinhard Furrer patriotically wore the German-made Sinn 142 on his flight on the Space Shuttle Challenger, its last successful mission before it was tragically lost with all hands in January 1986.















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EXTRA TIME

Hublot gets its game on with a limited edition FC Bayern Munich watch

wiss watchmaker Hublot's a sports nut. From jumping into the ring with Floyd Mayweather and keeping pace with Usain Bolt to dunking with Kobe Bryant and racing with the Ferrari Formula 1 team, the brand has a ubiquitous presence across disciplines.

But the sport it's got the most history with is football. Scroll through LVMH (the luxury group that owns Hublot) watch boss Jean-Claude Biver's Twitter feed and you'll find casual pictures of the Scolaris over for dinner, as well as Cristiano Ronaldo showing off a hunk of the not-for-sale cheese Biver makes exclusively for his friends at his Swiss farm. The brand was the official timekeeper for the 2014 FIFA World Cup, and has ongoing collaborations with José Mourinho, Pele, Chelsea FC and Paris Saint-Germain – clearly it won't be caught offside owing allegiance to one specific entity.

This month, as Juventus take on Bayern Munich in the UEFA Champions League Round of 16, Hublot's rolled out special-

edition timepieces for both sides. But if the outcome of the clash were to be decided on our wrists, we'd punt on this **Big Bang Unico Bi-Retrograde FC Bayern München**.

How does it work? Hit the blue pusher and it's go-time for the chrono, powered by an in-house UNICO calibre with a 72-hour power reserve. Its skeletonized red seconds hand ticks along an arc from 0-60 and then snaps right back to the beginning at the end of the minute – hence bi-retrograde – while the minute hand moves forward. Another arc on the dial indicates whether the game you're clocking is in the first half, second half or full time. What the watch won't unfortunately do is clock the number of goals scored by either team. Sorry, Lewa.

When you're done using it as a match timing device, it serves perfectly as an everyday watch with a regular hours-and-minutes display at 6 and a seconds display at 9.

Limited to 100 pieces, the hulking 45.5mm carbon-fibre chrono in Bayern's home colours is priced at ₹18 lakh a pop. Club class. □





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THE BUG BITES BACK

Sexier than ever before, the classic bug is back with some badass style. Meet Volkswagen's 21st century Beetle – in a brand new banging avatar

Picture this: It is an early spring morning. The sun is gleaming and city streets are buzzing. The millennial man, dressed to his best is on the move, zipping around town, with the sunroof of the 21st century Beetle slid back. Sunglasses are on, and the soundtrack is coming from the red. The car's powerfu quick, smooth halt. He are staring. But not at Beetle, aka the baller. The 21st century Beet rev, floor the accelerate that'll come to mind is instant". Equipped with an electromechanical steering, and an engin

thrumming 1.4 TSI

engine producing an

red. The car's powerful brakes bring it to a quick, smooth halt. He looks around. People are staring. But not at him. At his 21st century Beetle, aka the baller.

The 21st century Beetle is a player on wheels. Turn the key, hear the turbocharged engine rev, floor the accelerator, and the first thing that'll come to mind is "this feels surprisingly instant". Equipped with slick alloy wheels, an electromechanical speed-sensitive power steering, and an engine that's like the alpha male of all engines, now you can dominate every single bend of the road with imposing authority. This bug lives to thrill – and it will, provided you step in.





Daytime Running Lights. protective side mouldings with a chrome strip, a sexy rear spoiler, body-coloured bumpers and available in hot shades of habanero orange, orvx white, tornado red and blue silk. it's the best dressed car on the road right now.







While driving, the Beetle's cockpit feels cosy but never cramped; the "Vienna" leather seats are snug and supportive, the driving position low and sporty, everything today's stylish guy would love. Completing the racy new look is a high gloss finish that wraps the dash board and windowsills. Then there's a fully loaded sound system with 8 speakers illuminated by LED mood lights which change colours and an uber cool rain censor. The interiors have been designed by people who clearly have a great sense of style (kudos to them).

To book, log on to www.bookmybeetle.in; call: 1800 209 0909 / 1800 102 0909. Think Fun. Think New



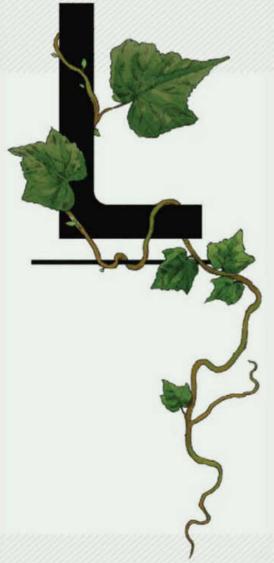
THE NINE LIVES OF

Leo DiCaprio

The Revenant star on surviving fame, parachute malfunctions climate change and filming in Canada's frozen tundra

WRITTEN BY ROBERT CAPPS PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAN WINTERS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE MCKENDRY



eonardo DiCaprio doesn't always survive. *Titanic*? Dead. *Django Unchained*? Unalive. *The Departed*? Departed. *Romeo And Juliet*? We won't spoil that one for you, but you get the point. His latest movie, *The Revenant*, takes the struggle not to die and really, really goes with it. In the film DiCaprio plays Hugh Glass, a real-life 1820s fur trapper who got mauled by a bear, was robbed and abandoned by his companions, and then spent months crawling to safety through the untamed American wilderness. As for what it took to play the part of Glass, well, let's just say it involved a lot of snow, bearskins and numb digits. The production of the film, directed by a fresh-off-*Birdman* Alejandro Iñárritu, was so complicated and geographically challenging that at times the moviemakers themselves needed to claw and scrape to keep it alive – filming had to be repeatedly stopped and resuscitated. But survive they all did (Glass, DiCaprio and *The Revenant*), and the result has led to Golden Globes for Best Film, Best Director and Best Actor for Leo. After taking home the Best Actor BAFTA, the next thrust of buzz is one thing and one thing only: will this finally, *finally* deliver to DiCaprio the first Oscar of his illustrious career?

But as not to jinx anything, we sat down with DiCaprio to ask him about endurance, his own brushes with death and perhaps the biggest survival story of them all – how the hell we all might live through climate change. Spoiler alert: One of these things involves a shark.



Watching the opening of *The Revenant*, all I could think was, "That looks really cold."

It was physically gruelling for everybody. We had to have this massive crew go to far-off locations and move around all over the high altitudes, from Calgary to Vancouver. Like in *Birdman*, Alejandro Iñárritu created these very intricate shots with [director of photography Emmanuel] "Chivo" Lubezki, where he was weaving in and out of the forest. He would have the camera veer off to this expansive battle sequence, then come right back to another intimate moment with the character. They had coordinated all that stuff with a lot of precision. But of course when we got there, the elements sort of took over.

What drew you to the role of Hugh Glass?

Glass was a campfire legend – and it's all true. He survived a savage bear attack, was left for dead, then travelled through this uncharted territory of interior America, crawling through hundreds of miles of wilderness on his own. So to me the story was a simple linear story, but in Alejandro's hands, of course, it becomes a sort of visual, existential poetry. Not a lot of directors wanted to take this on because of how difficult it would be to shoot. The script had been floating around for a couple of years. It wasn't until Alejandro was attached to this man's struggle in nature that it got going. I reread it and met him again, and I decided to embark on what I would characterize as more of a chapter of my life than a film commitment – because it was epic in every sense of the word.

So you're filming outside, it's cold, it's dirty, it's brutal. What was that like for you? Were there times when you asked yourself, "Why am I doing this?"

Moments? Every single day of this movie was difficult. It was the most difficult film I've ever done. You'll see, when you see the film – the endurance that we all had to have is very much up on the screen.

What was the worst part?

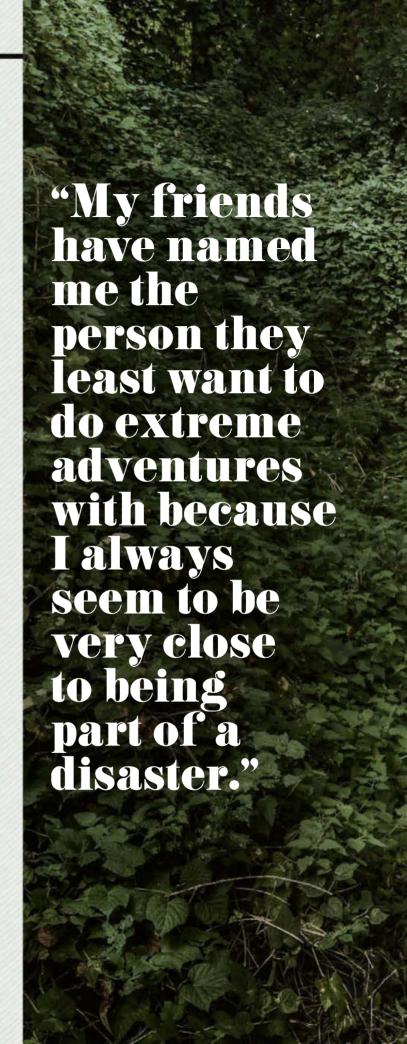
The hardest thing for me was getting in and out of frozen rivers. [Laughs.] Because I had elk skin on and a bear fur that weighed about 100 pounds when it got wet. And every day it was a challenge not to get hypothermia.

How prepared were the crew for that? Did they say, "Well, we're going to throw DiCaprio into a frozen river, we better have some EMTs here"?

Oh, they had EMTs there. And they had this machine that they put together – it was kind of like a giant hair dryer with octopus tentacles – so I could heat my feet and fingers after every take, because they got locked up with the cold. So they were basically blasting me with an octopus hair dryer after every single take for nine months.

And there were a lot of takes.

Alejandro and Chivo had this vision to shoot in natural light. We had months of rehearsal beforehand, but every day was like doing a play. Each actor, each bit of the set, needed to be like gears in a Swiss watch, because the camera was moving around and you had to have







your timing perfect. So we rehearsed every day, and then we had a two-hour window of natural light to shoot. This movie is a little like virtual reality – it's the closest thing to being submerged in nature. In the bear attack, you can almost feel the breath of the bear. It's unlike anything you've ever seen.

I heard you had problems with snow.

We had a lot of complications while shooting, because it was the hottest year in recorded history. In Calgary there were all these extreme weather events. One day we were trying to do a scene and it turned out to be 40 degrees below zero, so the gears of the camera didn't work. Then twice during the movie we had seven feet of snow melt in a day – all of it, within five hours – and we were stuck with two or three weeks of no snow in a film that's all snow. So we had to shut down production multiple times. That's what happens with climate change; the weather is more extreme on both ends.

You even had to wrap early and resume filming when you could find snow again, right?

We had to go to the South Pole!

That's crazy.

We had to go to the southern tip of Argentina, to the southernmost town on the planet, to find snow.

Do you have a lot of outdoor experience? Are you a survival school kind of a guy?

I love being immersed in nature and wild places. I love scuba diving, and I've been up and down the Amazon. But as far as dropping me off with a small bit of rations? Before this movie I wouldn't have known the first thing about it.

I heard that you've had a couple of brushes with death yourself, though.

My friends have named me the person they least want to do extreme adventures with, because I always seem to be very close to being part of a disaster. If a cat has nine lives, I think I've used a few. I mean, there was the shark incident...

Shark?

A Great White jumped into my cage when I was diving in South Africa. Half its body was in the cage, and it was snapping at me.

How the hell did it get into the cage?

They leave the tops open and you have a regulator line running to the surface. Then they chum the water with tuna. A wave came and the tuna sort of flipped up into the air. A shark jumped up and grabbed the tuna, and half its body landed inside the cage with me. I sort of fell down to the bottom and tried to lie flat. The Great White took about five or six snaps an arm's length away from my head. The guys there said that has never happened in the 30 years they'd been doing it.

Did the shark just get itself out and swim away?

It flipped itself back out again. I have it on video. It's insane. Then there was this Delta Airlines flight to Russia. I was in Business Class, and an engine blew up in front of my eyes. I was sitting there looking out at the wing, and the entire wing exploded in a fireball. I was the only one looking out at the moment this giant turbine exploded like a comet. It was crazy. They shut all the engines off for a couple of minutes, so you're just sitting there gliding with absolutely no sound, and nobody in the plane was saying anything. It was a surreal experience. They started the engines back up, and we did an emergency landing at JFK.

Jeez.

The other one was the skydiving incident. It was a tandem dive. We pulled the first chute. That was knotted up. The gentleman I was with cut it free. We did another free fall for like another five, ten seconds.

I didn't even think about the extra chute, so I thought we were just plummeting to our death. He pulled the second, and that was knotted up too. He just kept shaking it and shaking it in midair, as all my friends were, you know, what felt like half a mile above me, and I'm plummeting toward earth. [Laughs.] And he finally unravels it in midair. The fun part was when he said, "You're probably going to break your legs on the way down, because we're going too fast now." So after you see your whole life flash in front of your eyes – twice – he says, "Oh, your legs are going to get broken too."

That didn't happen?

No, we did, like, this barrel roll. We got bruised up, but no broken legs.

Do you still skydive?

No. No, I do not.

This is sort of a meta question, but you've obviously spent pretty much your whole life in the public eye – how have you survived that?

How have I survived it?

A lot of people don't.

You know, the truth is, it's very surreal. I don't think anyone really gets used to being recognized around the world. It kind of feels like a videogame at times, especially with paparazzi and people following you and things of that nature. But it's part of who I am now. It's part of my life as long as I choose to do what I do as a profession, and I love what I do. I think I survive because I don't limit myself. If there's some experience I want to have or a place I want to go, I do it. I think that's how I bring some semblance of normality to my life.

We talked a little about the crazy weather patterns that affected your movie. Of course, any talk of survival has to include talk of climate change, and you are a vocal environmentalist. How did that start?

So there was a period in my career, post-*Titanic*, where I took a break and I wanted to reevaluate the other great passion in my life – I've been interested in science and biodiversity ever since I was very young, probably from watching films about the rainforest at the Natural History Museum.

That interested you as a kid?

I'm not from the country. I lived in downtown LA, in the Silver Lake area, which is close to the Natural History Museum. So I got exposed to the wonders of nature through film – IMAX documentaries and such. It was something I always loved, and after *Titanic* I decided to explore that interest by getting more involved in environmental issues. I was lucky and got to have a meeting with Al Gore in the White House. He pulled out a chalkboard and drew planet Earth and drew our atmosphere around it. And he says, if you want to get involved in environmental issues, this is something not a lot of people are talking about – remember, this was 17, 18 years ago – but climate change is the single greatest threat to humanity that we've ever had. That put me on this path. We did Earth Day in 1999. I started a foundation. I started speaking out about the issue. And then, of course, Gore's film came out, and I think that affected everyone in a profound way.

What do you see as the biggest challenges?

We've seen such a tremendous lack of leadership, and we've allowed these trillion-dollar industries to manipulate the argument about the science for too long. Last July was the hottest month in recorded history. We're seeing methane bubbling up from underneath the seafloor. There are massive heat waves, drought, fires going on; ocean acidification is happening on a massive scale. It's scary. I went to Greenland and there are rivers flowing like it's the middle of the Grand Canyon. The question is, what do we do to mitigate that? Are we going to come together as a world community? Are we going to evolve as a species and actually



combat this issue? The human race has never done anything like that in the history of civilization.

So it's a little bigger than just "Buy a hybrid car"?

I once was talking to Naomi Klein, who to me is one of the most powerful voices in the climate movement. She wrote a book called *This Changes Everything*, and it's about capitalism versus the environment. And look, everyone loves money, I love money – we live in the United States. This is a capitalist country. But ultimately we've locked ourselves, through capitalism, into an addiction to oil that's incredibly hard to reverse. I'm making a documentary about this, and I asked Naomi to give me something I could say that would help people understand what they need to do. She told me there isn't one thing that an individual can do. That whole greenwashing movement, buying a hybrid (which of course can't hurt), recycling, this and that, it's not going to cut it. This needs to be a massive movement on a global scale. And it needs to happen now. This year is going to be the year people look back on and say we either made the right choices or we didn't.

What do you feel is the role of technology in this crisis?

Silicon Valley should be absolutely focused on this issue. Certainly Elon Musk is out there doing it – but the Facebooks, the Googles, all these organizations should be focused on global warming.

Corporations, of course, are usually driven by economics.

Everyone in Silicon Valley who is reading this: Look at Divest Invest. It's something I'm involved in, and it's a fantastic way you as an individual can say, "I do not want to have investments in oil, coal or gas." The technology has caught up to a point where renewables are not going to be devastating to the economy. And actually there is tons of money to be made. This could be the biggest economic boom in American history if we do it right.

Are you a fan of geoengineering – finding a scientific fix for climate change?

There are scientists in London who talk about blasting chemicals into the atmosphere to make it more reflective. There are also people who want to put an iron sulphate mixture into the ocean to sequester enough carbon to reverse this trend. That's all great, but we need to create an insurance policy for ourselves right now. And that means we need to stop spewing out so much carbon. If we can figure out a way in the future to reverse the effect of greenhouse gases with geoengineering, all the better. But we can't depend solely on a technological miracle.

You got any tips for surviving an interview with a journalist? [Laughs.] Only talk about what you want to talk about, no matter what the question is.





FORCE INDIA

the team to its former guise of a lean, mean racing machine.

First to be put in place were a series of smart collaborations with top engine manufacturers to ensure a competitive car. The team started with Ferrari power in 2008, then switched to Mercedes through a partnership with McLaren. In 2014, the beginning of the turbohybrid era, with levels of technical competence and confidence soaring, they bypassed McLaren and approached Mercedes directly.

Alongside engine development, Force India also committed to another strong area of performance: aerodynamics. "Moving all our wind tunnel work to the Toyota facility in Cologne gives us access to a tunnel that is a match for any team on the grid," says Mallya. "We've already seen the benefits of this decision."

Add class-leading power to a wind-cheating car design and you can count on a solid performance, but Mallya says what really takes his team to the next level is the quality of people behind the scenes. "A Formula One team is only as strong as the people that make it up and we've worked hard over the last few years to pull together a creative, determined group of people.

"They are true racers and I think that's played a part in our improved performance. We are an efficient team and allocate our resources intelligently. We've also built a solid partnership with Mercedes."

In 2015, while Mercedes' power unit was undoubtedly a big factor in Force India's success, the gamechanger was a significantly different "B-spec" car at the British GP, which was given its finishing touches in



Singapore. Not only did the car lift performance, the improvement came at just the right time, when Force India's rivals were starting to slow the rate of car updates and switch their focus to the 2016 season.

It was another example of Force India's racing nous in the heat of the season – and their willingness to try things bigger teams might deem risky. "You can't afford to stand still in Formula One and I've always encouraged my design team to push the envelope," says Mallya.

"What they delivered with the B-spec certainly lived up to my expectations. The step we made, when we fitted the first parts at Silverstone, was immediate and the drivers knew that we'd found a very positive direction. With each race, we fine-tuned things and kept adding performance to the car – we kept pushing until the last race."

The reward was almost double the number of constructors' championship points in the second half of the race calendar year, including points for both Nico Hülkenberg and Sergio Pérez in Britain, Italy, Mexico and Abu Dhabi.

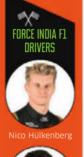
Pérez finished third at the 2015 Sochi GP. "Seeing my drivers on the podium more regularly is definitely a target for us," says Mallya, "and also something that I believe is achievable. We've set the bar high and we need to push it even higher."

It's a sentiment echoed by the team's drivers. "2016 will be a very important year for us, and the target is to improve on our fifth place from last year," says Pérez, who has impressed since he joined the team from McLaren in 2014.

"If we can continue growing like we've done in the last few years, we can look forward to lots of good days in 2016. The regulations aren't going to change much so we have a strong platform to build upon. The development of the car last year – especially after the introduction of the B-spec – showed what is possible, and I believe that we can start the season from a competitive position."

Teammate Hülkenberg is equally upbeat about the team's prospects for the season, which kicks off this month. "I think there's a lot of potential," says the German hotshot, whose star also shone outside of the sport last year when he won the Le Mans with Porsche. "We know 2016 is going to be a tough fight because nobody stands still in F1. What I can tell you is that everyone at our Silverstone base has been working flat out to find more performance for the car."

Flat-out they will be. And with Red Bull looking unsure, care of their TAG Heuer-badged Renault power units, the Mercedespowered Force India could indeed take fourth place from their world championship-winning rivals. Don't bet against it this season.





(Left) Force India's new B-spec car at full throttle; (below) the boss himself, Vijay Mallya





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here's a scorpion on my accelerator. Another on the brake, clutch, hood, rear and a particularly large one on the roof. I'm in the Fiat Abarth Punto, white-knuckling the steering wheel that has another one on it. The astrological sign of the superstitious Karl Abarth, the brand's founder, is everywhere. Beyond the tokenism of the livery though, the Abarth is a serious performance badge for Fiat in India.

Before Abarth entered the scene here, Fiat's reputation was at best fuddy-duddy. Sure, the group made phenomenally refined engines – what with Ferrari, until recently, being a part of Fiat Chrysler Automobiles, along with an as-yet-unsevered umbilical cord with Maserati and Alfa Romeo. But none of that translated into Fiat cars you'd actually want to drive.

Abarth, a fully owned subsidiary of FCA, is now shaking things up. Karl Abarth, a prolific playboy racer in the Twenties, would not only hand-build his own motorcycles, he was already a five-time European motorcycling champ by the age of 30. A near-fatal accident in

1938 resulted in his retirement from the sport, which is when he went from racer to businessman.

By 1949, he'd set up Abarth & Co as a race car manufacturer and an aftermarket racing components supplier for regular vehicles - with revenue from the latter a means to bankroll its racing ambitions. In 1971, Karl sold Abarth to Fiat, but within a decade Fiat had packed it up. Over a quarter of a century later, in 2007, Fiat recognized the need for an in-house performance unit, and revived Abarth. Fast forward to 2015, and current FCA boss Sergio Marchionne is in the midst of a \$52 billion revamp of the group. And part of that strategy is to position Abarth far more prominently across global markets.

The 1.4-litre Fiat 500 Abarth 595 Competizione was the first Abarth car launched in India last August for ₹30 lakh. With 160hp power and 230Nm torque, it's nothing short of a motoring wall of muscle, and was supposed to give the Mini a bloody nose. Instead, we suspect the Competizione mildly haemorrhaged, with an automatic transmission that was either too sedate

at low speeds or unnecessarily twitchy and aggressive when pushed, and a stiff lumbar-realigning suspension. Is it a bad car? No. Though you'd enjoy it more as a track toy than a daily ride.

The Abarth Punto broke cover last October, and is an entirely different beast. This is India's first and, at present, only proper hot hatch. About now, you're probably throwing out the Polo GT and the A-Class, but their horsepower is still short of the 145 horses the 1.4-litre Abarth Punto commandeers. The regular Punto is good for 75hp – when Abarth's through with it, that figure's nearly doubled. This here is a raceprimed machine that, at under ₹10 lakh, won't burn a hole through your pocket. Of course, there are bits that need to be buffed, like the outdated infotainment system and a lack of electronically controlled seats. But as a ride you'd want to get behind the wheel of every day, it sure works.

Beyond the Punto and the 595, Abarth has also waved its magic wand over the crossover Avventura, and will do the same with the Linea sedan.

Full power, Abarth.





TOLLYWOOD



Every country bumpkin has dreams of making it in the big city. But when you're talking about a rural dancer's journey to South India movie stardom, things are a little different than you'd expect, and always done in true Andhra ishtyle

WRITTEN BY VIVEKANANDA NEMANA PHOTOGRAPHED BY ABHISHEK BALI







t was barely 7pm, but the village of Korra's narrow lanes were deserted. So Ramesh Gujjela stepped onto the small stage he'd erected that morning, across from the pastor's house in the central square, set the speakers on full blast, and grabbed the mic.

"Wake up, friends!" he squawked, inflecting his voice like a boxing announcer. "At 7:30 we'll be starting our special 'Dance, Baby, Dance' programme. Come for dancing, come for comedy, come to see

unseeable things!"

Known in Korra as The Dance Master, Ramesh has been busting routines for almost all of his 28 years. He wooed his wife not with words but his smooth moves. In high school he was hazed, he said, by being forced to dance on command, but far from being traumatized, he joined a Western-style dance team when he moved from the northern reaches of Andhra Pradesh to the "big city" of Visakhapatnam for a spell of "migrant work", and now, on evenings after his shift ends at the local post office, Master Ramesh teaches kids in the village: "Hip-hop, breakdance, lock-and-pop, Western, Eastern, all styles compulsory."

Actually, nearly everyone here in Korra, where homes are simple huts and the power cuts out for long stretches, is into dance. It's an Indian tribal village full of hip-hopping b-boys and b-girls (well, more boys than girls). In fact, said Ramesh, "every village [in the region] has its own dance crew. During the festivals we all get together and compete to see who's best. That crowd, people cheering, being told that you killed it out there – for me that's just the greatest feeling."

And that night, in this little speck of rural nowhere amid India's vast turmoil, a band of Ramesh's charges took the stage, six or seven young guys dressed in the Subcontinent's ubiquitous polyester shirt-slacks combo, some with fake diamond stud earrings or glitter smeared across their faces. Not the stuff of any upcoming Fall-Winter fashion line, but the lads cut a certain country swagger: collars unbuttoned way too low, mustard-coloured bandanas tied around their necks, knockoff Nikes. They were led by a bug-eyed, 12-year-old brown Steve Buscemi, who strutted and grimaced, running his fingers through his hair to the Harlem Shake, all of it set to a remixed Telugu number about the hottest girl the singer had ever seen.

"Dance, baby, dance!" screamed a cluster of older boys in approval, writhing in sync with remixed Tollywood hits as more friends in the small crowd cheered them on. A few of the girls did swooning duets with stick-thin Ramesh, all of it brotherly enough not to raise any scandal. Then the entire group charged out into a perfect rendition of "Gangnam Style".

India's tribal areas comprise some of the poorest in the country, but hip-hop – a loosely used term here – isn't a tool of resistance the way it is with, say, Muslim rappers in banlieue Paris. Here, dance is a rejection of the idea that villages are too destitute to ever be cool. With more access to media than ever, thanks to satellite TV and videos sold on flash drives at weekly markets, Ramesh and Co are mimicking the styles and steps of the world beyond, and some of them have gotten so good they've set sights towards the highest bar they know, the big screens of the Telugu film industry: Tollywood.

By popular reckoning, the best dancer in Korra isn't currently Ramesh the Master but the embarrassingly fit Nukaraj Sandai, who describes himself as an "amateur gymnast." He's 20, but his streamlined features, floppy hair and blush of acne – not to mention the high-tops and skater-boy wrist guards – make him seem closer

to 16. Nukaraj grabbed all the crowd's attention that winter night. As the speakers blared reggaeton spliced with old Telugu pop, he stood at the edge of the stage and launched into a backflip, the top of his skull grazing the concrete, then locking and popping, a head spin into a hand-stand and flipping back upright.

"Lovely, beautiful boy!" "Action!" "Wipe it out yes!" hooted the crowd.

Equally fit and even more intense is Nagaraj, who calls himself his brother Nukaraj's personal trainer. As filial talent promoter, he showed me some videos on his brick-like Nokia: grainy images of Nukaraj standing in a sunny field, or bounding along the mountain peaks surrounding Korra, staring at the camera before back-flipping off a boulder, or spin-jumping over a stream, or twirling a bamboo pole Bruce Lee-style.

"I probably practise for three hours a day," Nukaraj told me, still panting after his feats on stage. He showed me where he had fractured both his arms, once while back-flipping off a cliff and another time off a tree. "My parents hate [my stunt-dancing], but my brother talks to them and they listen."

"And what about your girlfriend?" I asked. When he was on stage earlier, someone had pointed to one of the sari and cardiganclad young women in the audience, then to Nukaraj and snickered, "Lover boyyyy."

Nukaraj blushed and gave an embarrassed shrug. "She likes the dance... But she hates it whenever I leave the village."





Nukaraj will need to have a long talk with his girlfriend, whom he has been dating for three years, because his brother has big plans for him. "We're going to put him in the movies," Nagaraj told me, casually leaning against the makeshift stage, his tone rock-solid with confidence as if it were already a done deal.

ocally known as the Agency, in a nod to its colonial classification, the hilly expanse to the north of Visakhapatnam – aka Vizag – is known, oxymoronically, for two things: tourism and Maoist insurgency.

Weekend picnickers ride the dinky train up from Vizag to the Araku Valley, whooping and holding hands, craning to shoot panoramas while it switchbacks up the mountainside. Out of the terminus, they take pictures of the sad, strange mannequins depicting indigenous people at the government-run tribal museum, they take pictures of themselves, they take pictures of traditional dancers in traditional dress at the tourism board's tribal shows. They picnic at spots marked scenic and toss their plates and beer bottles where they stand, or out the windows of their chartered bus. The less family-oriented visitors sometimes get a bit too drunk and search out local women to pay for sex, but no one ever pushes much further north from the Araku resorts. You can't stop there, that's Naxal Country, where "tribal culture" stops being a tourist attraction and gets a bit too real: police stations built like fortresses, the sweet rotting smell of mahua, Maoist dharnas against bauxite mining, malaria that attacks your brain.

Korra belongs to a part of the country that the rest of it would rather not think about. And for decades, kids in the Agency led lives defined by their isolation. The rugged villages where they grew up lacked roads or phone connections, and roving Maoist militias made

sure to keep out any pesky capitalist influence. But since the Andhra Pradesh government more or less pushed out the insurgents in the mid-Noughties and tried to "mainstream" the tribal areas, it didn't take long for the whole spectrum of Indian filmi music – as well as Western artists like Michael Jackson and the Backstreet Boys – to work its way into the energetic folk dances, giving rise to the kind of breakdance teams you'd see in The Bronx in the early Eighties. In northern Andhra, dance became an expression of youth, an escape from the hardships and alcoholism that weigh heavy on tribal life. For some, it was also a ticket to their starry-eyed Tollywood dreams.

During festivals like Dussehra, villages across the Agency organize dance performances, and Ramesh takes a team from Korra to compete with other groups. "There's no work in the fields at that time, so we practise night and day, for a month," Ramesh said. "We don't even remember to eat because we get so into it."

Ramesh remixes the music himself, adding drops and extra basslines to popular Telugu film songs at a local recording studio, then carefully choreographs the right bounce, twist or folksy hop for each beat. Although a clear departure from traditional folk routines, the style of these dances is tough to pin down. Ramesh and the others call it "hip-hop", but there are also plenty of other flourishes that evade classification. It's just... Tollywood – a vaguely Westernized but thoroughly South Indian force, fuelled by the 250-odd movies released by the Telugu film industry each year and the dozens of Telugu TV channels that play song-and-dance competitions on endless loop.

"Everything, I learned from only TV," said brother-manager Nagaraj, trying out his halting English. "All self-taught. Mainly Allu Arjun-ishtyle." There is near-unanimous agreement around the Agency that Allu Arjun, the Tollywood actor known as the "Stylish Star", is the greatest contemporary hero of Telugu film. Allu can dance slicker than the rest, he delivers lines with a comic cool, and

he rocks a lot of tuxedos – all of which are reasons, I'm told, for his inspiring a whole generation of young tribal dancers.

But Tollywood still feels very far away from Korra, even though film directors make frequent use of the Agency's landscape for shoots. Despite the several dance troupes among the Agency's half-a-million-strong tribal population, almost no one has broken into the Telugu film industry. One guy from Hukumpeta, a small town close to Korra, was an extra in last year's blockbuster *Baahubali*, Ramesh recalled, but that's about it.

"We don't have the right look," Ramesh said flatly. "Or the money." $\,$

Ramesh never seriously pursued dance as a profession, because, he said, it would draw him too far from his family. The great hope right now is that Nukaraj might be the one breakthrough. No one expects him to become an actor with actual speaking parts – that would be laughably ambitious – just a backup dancer during the songs, one who occasionally performs, perhaps, with Allu himself.

"They've called [Nukaraj] down to Vizag for a dance audition," Nagaraj told me, handling the subject with the intensity of an Olympic coach, or a parent at a children's beauty pageant. "We're taking him down there this week." He wouldn't explain who "they" were, but it was presumably some kind of gatekeeper, an arbiter of power and talent. Nukaraj just stood there, saying nothing, occasionally cracking his neck like a runner before a race.



oday there are close to 100 different dance teams in Vizag, all with names like the Hot Steppers, Vishakha Thrillers, Stylish Venkat and Max Crew. But the Godfather to them all is a man from the port city's industrial dredges, a minor celebrity known as "Looks" Rajsekhar, who founded Vizag's first Western

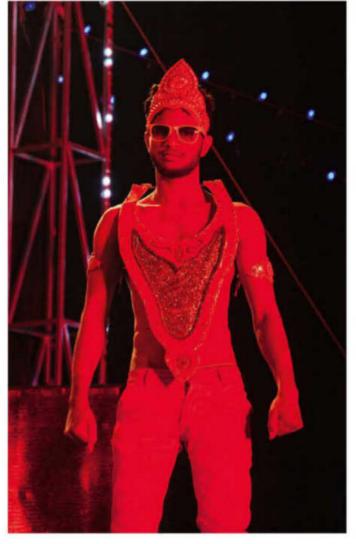
dance institute in 2000.

Rajsekhar became known locally after winning a series of dance reality shows on Telugu TV channels in the mid-Noughties. For several years, he appeared almost weekly in living rooms across Andhra Pradesh, romping across elaborate sets in baroque leather outfits and Karl Lagerfeld-esque shades. He now performs at lavish weddings and corporate events, and has worked with major Tollywood stars like NT Rama Rao Jr, who is considered, after Allu Arjun, the best male dancer currently in Telugu film.

"Back in the day, there were no TVs, only movies," he told me in the living room of his apartment, which with its low ceilings, panelled walls and white leather couches, resembled the interior of a private

A "RECOMMENDED"
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They say the best art usually comes from where there's nothing else to do, and a great percentage of Andhra Pradesh's tribal youth is into dance

jet. Rajsekhar is dressed youthfully for his middle-age, sporting a pair of Levi's and a yellow sweatshirt dragged over his slight paunch. "Since the rise of all these satellite channels, people have become a lot more aware. Anyone can prove themselves on TV reality shows without having to get into the movies."

"The goal is always to get on TV first," added his wife, Lavanya, who manages his shows and occasionally emcees. "From there they get a chance to get into the movies as backup dancers or choreographers. Even most TV actors start off as dancers."

As a classically trained dancer with working-class roots, Rajsekhar never would have been recognized if it wasn't for *Dance*, *Baby, Dance*, a show on Gemini TV that, starting in the late Nineties, invited dance teams from across the state to a serialized competition.

"Now, Vizag *means* Looks Rajsekhar, the people are inspired by me," he said, letting out a hearty laugh. "But in my days Chiranjeevi was our god and inspiration." This megastar of Telugu film (and Allu Arjun's uncle) revolutionized Tollywood in the Eighties with his Michael Jackson-inspired dance moves – including, if you've never seen it before, an incredible 1985 knockoff of "Thriller". Chiranjeevi pretty much wrote the Telugu Book of Cool, and even today you can spot the influence of hits like his 1991 *Gang Leader* in the way young dancers pop their collars or roll up their sleeves.

What does a young dancer need to do to break into Tollywood today? Rajsekhar adjusted his sunglasses, revealing the "LOOKS" tattoo on his knuckles. "If a person wants to prove himself, he shouldn't have any bad habits," he said. "He should have the right mindset, you know?"

Awkward pause while I tried to figure out what he meant, or what he was not telling me.

"Well, you don't need a background to start," Lavanya began, choosing her words carefully. "But after a certain point it might be necessary to be a... recommended candidate."

"Some people may be there," Rajsekhar added, "who will have a community feeling, especially towards a newcomer."

A recommended candidate, in other words, is someone who belongs to the right caste, or has a well-connected patron in the industry – privileges no tribal kid from Korra like Nukaraj would ever have.

"But things are changing for the better!" the star dancer hastened. "Talented kids are using social media to reach a global audience. And people don't have a cheap opinion of dancers any more."

I wanted to meet these young stars for myself, so I hopped into an auto and asked the driver to head for the nearest dance studio. We wound up at a drab strip mall on a wide road that leads directly to Vizag's steel factory. It was the sort of tragic industrial neighbourhood where full-sized billboards honour the fat-faced sons of local politicians, and heavily intoxicated men lay like corpses outside any given liquor store.

"Mega Dance Guys," said the driver, pointing to a dingy storefront where a couple of dudes were draining whisky next to a huge poster of Allu Arjun. From the room-length mirror inside, I could see six lads attempt a complicated step: a rapid jerk of the shoulders that extended to the whole body, then finished with the embrace of an imaginary lover.

"No, no, no," barked a man in a mint green hoodie and bright blue pants, his baby-faced features creased by a pained expression. He gazed into the mirror and hugged the air. "You all have to hug at the same time, and do it like you mean it."

Kishore Pryomukkala has choreographed the Mega Dance Guys since the group's foundation 15 years ago. "If you want to be a popular dancer, you have to come up with fresh moves for every song," he said. "And dress in the latest styles: you wear a cool T-shirt, or nice jeans, and your body will automatically change in the way you walk and carry yourself."

Despite the crummy environs, a few senior members of Mega Dance Guys have successfully become backup dancers in the movies, but Kishore was pretty jaded about the whole deal that lit up the eyes of Ramesh's crew in Korra.

"Look, it's really not so glamorous," said the 29-year-old. "You have to move to Hyderabad, and get to do one or two songs a month at most. And you need to pay agents something like three lakhs just to get your foot in the door."

He leaned against a silhouette of a "Billie Jean"-era Michael Jackson that someone had painted on the orange walls. "Recommendations come first, then money, and what matters >>



the least is how you actually dance."

The other dancers kept practising the same hugging step, and the poorly-ventilated studio got very hot. Soon the back of Kishore's hoodie had darkened with sweat. "Besides, we get plenty of work here."

Like Looks Rajsekhar, the Mega Dance Guys perform at events around the state for money – including the festivals in the Agency. "We once did a show in Chintapalle" – a town about 40 kilometres further north of Korra. "We're a superstitious lot. We hear that a lot of voodoo goes on in those areas. Our hosts were very polite, and the show was fine, but we didn't roam around or goof off like we normally do at shows. We just performed, ate dinner and came back, because we didn't want to get jinxed."

For their part, the dancers in the Agency regard these Vizag groups – who dance at tribal festivals for money, and are assumed to be more talented than the local guys – as a territorial challenge.

"Of course we want to dance better than the groups coming up from the plains," Ramesh had told me when I met him in Araku Valley during Christmas. "They get paid, they don't really think of themselves on our level, which gives us the feeling that they're better than us. So why shouldn't we dance better than they do? This is our town."

Yet the Mega Dance Guys are often slighted themselves: most of them are the children of factory workers. They often struggle to get paid fairly, pulling in at most 15,000 rupees per performance and paying hefty agent fees, compared to Looks Rajsekhar's pricier bill of 50 grand. And in the last few months,



said Kishore, a flower-shop owner when not dancing, a string of bookings all got cancelled at the last minute.

"I don't know, it's some astrologically bad luck," he said. "I'm hoping this year will be better for us. At the end of the day we're only doing it for passion, not money or fame." He had a show coming up right down the road – a memorial performance for a local strongman named Thippala Dayala Reddy, put on by his sons at the beginning of each year. "That family, they've got," Kishore rubbed his fingers and thumb together in the universal gesture for money. "Nobody messes with them... It should be great, though. You have got to see these sweet costumes we ordered. V For Vendetta masks, all white everything."



hen the date of the Mega Dance Guys show rolled around, however, the carefully curated performance was quickly unravelling. The costumes they ordered hadn't arrived on time, so Kishore had to ditch most of the dances they had practised. Four of the team's nine members were

absent – including one who had been arrested earlier that day, and was spending the night in jail.

"Local dispute," Kishore explained. "Don't worry about it."
And because they would only have half their team, the booking agent decided to stiff them, offering only 5,000 rupees for a three-hour show – although the five remaining members would be required, over the course of the night, to perform as many as 30 songs. It meant the Mega Dance Guys were going to improvise, and not waste any valuable energy on complicated hip-hop moves. Kishore swore at his bad luck. "This is a shit situation.

To do hip-hop well, your body needs to be given a break. We're not machines."

What the Thippula Dayala Reddy Gajuwaka Memorial Show is: three big stages erected along the drab road, each of them backed with a massive headshot of a large, bespectacled man (Dayala Reddy), and helmed by an attractive female emcee, Asha, the lone woman in a vast sea of Y chromosomes, who were drunk and raring with testosterone and demanding she dance for the audience. Surrounding the stages were enormous numbers of men – just men – dancing on the roads, milling by the sidewalk, buying balloons (don't ask), crowding before strategically placed liquor stores with crumpled rupee notes in their raised fists.

The Mega Dance Guys climbed the stage in cross-emblazoned boxing robes, hastily danced to a song about freedom, and dashed off to quickly change outfits while another team went up. Within minutes they were back onstage, this time their ratty fedoras lending





COMFORT IN EVERY STEP



an impressive touch of desperation, before rushing to change outfits again, and again. And so the relay continued: underpaid and unprepared young bodies shook the fragile stage, the enormous face of Dayala Reddy waving madly in the aft, the crowd screamed and shoved, a duet of perfume and raw sewage tainted the air, and soon the tired dancers were losing harmony with the music, too. But it didn't matter, because as the liquor drained from plastic cups, the collective gaze cared only for the attractive emcee.

Asha was somehow managing the complicated task of flirting with the men enough to whet their egos while deflating them enough to keep the crowd at bay. Her presence seemed essential to the entire affair: a strange scenario of men performing for other men in honour of a dead man, all of it dedicated to some ethereal idea of a woman, made temporary flesh by Asha. Pretty soon the sour-sweet stench of liquor sweat and garlic belches overwhelmed my senses. The scene was rapidly degrading. At one point, someone accosted me from behind, pressed his lips to my neck and whispered, "Where are the stunts?"

I turned to find a skinny, mustachioed man, wild-eyed in his inebriation and a knife's edge away from toppling over completely. "What?"

"The stunts, bro, the stunts."

"Um, I don't know of any stunts."

We glared at each other for a long moment, and he stumbled away. I later saw him on stage, in full costume, clearly unable to maintain step with the rest of his team. Was this what Nukaraj's Tollywood Dreams would amount to? A lot of the dancers here actually had been in movies – but it was just another gig for them, and most of them couldn't even remember all the movies they had danced in. With an hour left in the show Kishore refused to dance any more, and instead paced around backstage with a "Fuck this" expression on his face. "I didn't sign up for this shit," he said. "I'm not performing any dances I haven't practised, like some monkey.

It's clownish." He gestured towards the stage, where a few dancers literally dressed as clowns were lazily shuffling to Honey Singh as the sozzled audience looked on, mouths agape.

The show culminated with a most bizarre performance: a cross-dressing zombie horror homage to the fallen Tollywood stars of 2015. A deranged-looking man in an afro wig wanders into a graveyard where, for some reason, several naga sadhus are engaged in ritual. The deranged man coddles a toy baby as a haunting melody sings, "I'm the shadow that will never leave you." He disappears. Then a huge male dancer dressed as a woman wanders into the graveyard, where she becomes possessed by the spirts of Tollywood actor Sri Hari (cause of death: liver cirrhosis) and actress Aarti Aggarwal (cause of death: botched liposuction). The possessed woman and the naga sadhus angrily step to sentimental lyrics that go: "I'm lost without you here." The dance ends with a mock-murder of some hapless duffer, followed by a public service announcement: "Women aren't playthings. Women are power. Beware, men!"

A useful message for this crowd, but no one was listening. They had already turned their backs to the stage, and stumbled towards home. Walking on the empty streets after the show ended – the Mega Dance Guys were exhausted, and pissed off – I told Kishore about Nukaraj's plans to join a dance crew in Vizag, and step-stone his way into the movies. Even a foothold in Vizag – to perform for city crowds, to actually get paid to dance – was a big deal for the Korra kids, prepping to head down later that week. It was only for a tryout, and either way Nukaraj had to come back to finish a semester of college.

"Those kids come down sometimes but they never last for long," said Kishore, spitting onto the trashed street. "Do you think we're doing so well? I have friends, really good dancers, who went to Hyderabad to join the film industry. Most of them are driving autos." \bigcirc



If ever the tribal kids from the hills make it to the plains and onto a stage, they may find themselves in a troupe like the Mega Dance Guys. (Or the Hot Steppers, the Vishakha Thrillers, Stylish Venkat or Max Crew.) But they'll find the gates of Tollywood tightly locked and cloesly guarded.

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"Of course he wasn't happy at first," she says. "He wanted me to be a scientist like him. To do a PhD. And I said, Just let me try, because in this industry, there's a shelf life. I already have a Master's degree. I can do a PhD at any age."

She admits she gets her scientific mind from her father, but as far as her looks, "it's a genetic mutation, I think."

Which is not to say being crowned Miss India Grand International in March last year has taken her too far from her other, more degree-based work. "I am brand ambassador of State Nutrition Mission and health initiatives in Lucknow," she says. "But people think if a girl is beautiful, if she's wearing make-up and is dressed well, that she doesn't have any brains. But I am being very practical. I am qualified in this, I know how to do this. Even if I didn't have the Miss India title, I was already working as the youngest ever technical advisor with the UP government."

But as long as she's a Miss India, she's based in Mumbai, where people that look like her can trade on those looks. And at age 24, she can afford to defer that whole PhD thing a while longer.

she can afford to defer that whole PhD thing a while longer. "Beauty is very subjective," she says, "it's not about, like, there's some exam where you know that if you've written everything right, you're going to get marks. I don't know if I am going to do another pageant or not. Now, I'm preparing myself for a different career, which could be Bollywood. I'm just trying my luck here." 176 - MARCH 2016







Art: Kishore Singh TV: Nasri Atallah **NEW Humour:** Eric Schulmiller NEW Comic books: Prajna Desai

NEW Tech: Julian Sancton

NOW, A BABY MET

BY KISHORE SINGH

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART GETS A NEW ANNEXE



t was a wet and blustery day last year when a friend and I walked around Manhattan in search of the Whitney Museum of American Art. The chill seeped through our clothes and a watery sun failed to provide warmth as we descended on Madison Avenue, trying to spot the iconic building with its asymmetrical windows. Find it we did, but the museum was shut "for renovation". In fact, it was in the process of being relocated to a larger edifice between the High

Untitled, 1975, Nasreen Mohamedi, ink and graphite on paper. The Met Breur in New York will launch with an exhibition of Mohamedi's abstract works

Line and the Hudson River. But the refurbishment of the original Whitney, now complete, will see the launch of another museum altogether: an extension of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which is already several blocks huge and bursting at the seams with objects of interest from civilizations around the world.

The Met Breuer is named in memory of the Bauhaus architect of the building – the Hungary-born Marcel Breuer, known also as the



inventor of tubular furniture when just 24, who took on the design of the "harsh but handsome" (according to The New York Times) Whitney between 1963-66, musing, "What should a museum look like. a museum in Manhattan?" For that matter, what should a museum look like in any place? There are many who feel that placing cultural objects on a pedestal is another form of ritualization that's best avoided - thankfully, the ayes do have it, else what would we know of the great treasures of the world! The Sixties was a decade of churn in New York when television, advertising and changing lifestyles influenced its soaring architecture. What the Whitney achieved was the flexibility of open spaces that could be re-used, or re-imagined any way its curators chose. And now that the Whitney is the Met Breuer, it will offer at least some of that tractability to its curators.

The Met has had some great South Asian moments of late its recent exhibition of Deccan treasures and the Al-Thani display of Mughal jewellery being significant highlights. And with the appointment of Shanay Jhaveri as assistant curator for modern and contemporary South Asian art, India seems likely to get an even greater fillip. Especially considering the growing interest in Indian art in the West: the Guggenheim hosted a retrospective on VS Gaitonde in 2014-15, while Bhupen Khakhar will be honoured with one at the Tate Britain from June to November of this year.

In that sense, the opening of the Met Breuer with an exhibition of Nasreen Mohamedi's paintings - her largest to date - is one more piece of the jigsaw. Mohamedi's paintings consist of an organic flow of delicate lines and grids, forming patterns inspired by the jaalis and silhouettes of Mughal architecture. Increasingly compared to American minimalism, her non-representational art combines austerity with rhythm and energy, almost as though the web of lines communicates a sense of music. Highly abstract, it is being recognized for that impossibilitythe ability to capture and convey



James Hunter Black Draftee, 1965, Alice Neel, oil on canvas. Part of the Met Breuer's exhibition *Unfinished: Thoughts Left Visible*

PERSONAL FAVOURITES

After you've done the Met, Guggenheim and MoMA, where do you head?

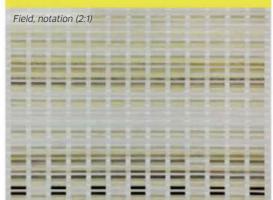
- FRICK COLLECTION: The Frick family's personal collection will blow you away with its European masterpieces
- NICHOLAS ROERICH MUSEUM: India's own "national treasure", known for his gorgeous paintings of the Himalayas, has a society and museum dedicated to his work
- RUBIN MUSEUM OF ART: For Himalayan art from India and its neighbouring countries
- NEUE GALLERY: A museum of early 20th century German and Austrian art, with some amazing Klimts on display
- QUEENS MUSEUM: In the South Asian neck of NYC, exhibits from the city world fairs and occasional Indian art

THE YOUNG COLLECTOR SERIES

If you're taken by Mohamedi's minimalism, check out Delhi-based artist Tanya Goel, whose structured grids replace Mohamedi's Clean lines. Her latest showing at Mumbai's Galerie Mirchandani + Steinruecke, LEVEL, is a series of wall-sized paintings that comment on the capital's overwhelming transformation through fast-paced construction. Instead of paint, though, Goel has used fragments of building material from four construction sites in Delhi. Slivers of lead, limestone, concrete, brick, black rock and glass were pulverized to produce different coloured pigments, which were then applied to the canvas layer by layer.

The 30-year-old studied painting and drawing at MS University in Baroda and at the Art Institute of Chicago, before getting an MFA in Painting and Printmaking at Yale. Her work has already caught the eye of some A-list collectors, so if you like what you see, get in line now.

Buzzwords: #abstract #grid #emergingartist #art #delhi #minimalism #light #wall-sized



emotion, a task never before set to an arrangement of straight lines. Little known in India, Mohamedi's work has had outings in recent times at the Kiran Nadar Musem of Art, New Delhi; the Tate in Liverpool; and the Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofía, Madrid. The opening at the Met Breuer will cap the journey.

Interestingly, the accompanying exhibition, Unfinished: Thoughts Left Visible, examines the works of artists from the Renaissance to present day that have been left incomplete for a variety of reasons, allowing the viewer insights into the processes of masters such as Titian, Rembrandt, Turner or Cezanne, and contemporaries such as Jackson Pollock and Robert Rauschenberg (not to be confused with Rorschach, after whom the inkblot test is named). It is an unusual curtain-raiser for the Met Breuer, which has tasked itself with showing a range of global 20th and 21st century art, different from the Met's absorption in period interest.

Founded in 1870, the Metropolitan Museum of Art has over two million works of art, and visitors can sometimes spend days in her halls and corridors without once retracing their steps or repeating a work of art. Its South Asian gallery (part of Arab Lands, Turkey, Iran and Central Asia) is, however, a recent addition, opening only in 2011. No wonder, then, the surge of interest in the Subcontinent. Nor is the Breuer its first offsite gallery - the Met's Cloisters Museum and Gardens, devoted to the art and architecture of medieval Europe, opened in 1938 and is located at the far end of Manhattan, overlooking the Hudson.

Are we at an inflection point for Indian modern art? That's difficult to say. But what is interesting is that the Met Breuer, with its wider, global interest, should occupy a space that was once the home of Americana. Nasreen Mohamedi would have enjoyed the irony.

Return of the GRUNGE

If you're wondering how to channel the iconoclastic look of the Nineties, check out Being Human's Spring/ Summer 2016 collection. It carries a sports-grunge vibe that lets you make a powerful statement

Pearl Jam's Eddie Vedder, Will Smith in *The Fresh Prince Of Bel-Air*, Nirvana's Kurt Cobain and Johnny Depp in *What's Eating Gilbert Grape* – these guys with their IDGAF attitudes transformed the grunge look into a bona fide movement in the Nineties. The good news is that this trend is now making a massive comeback.

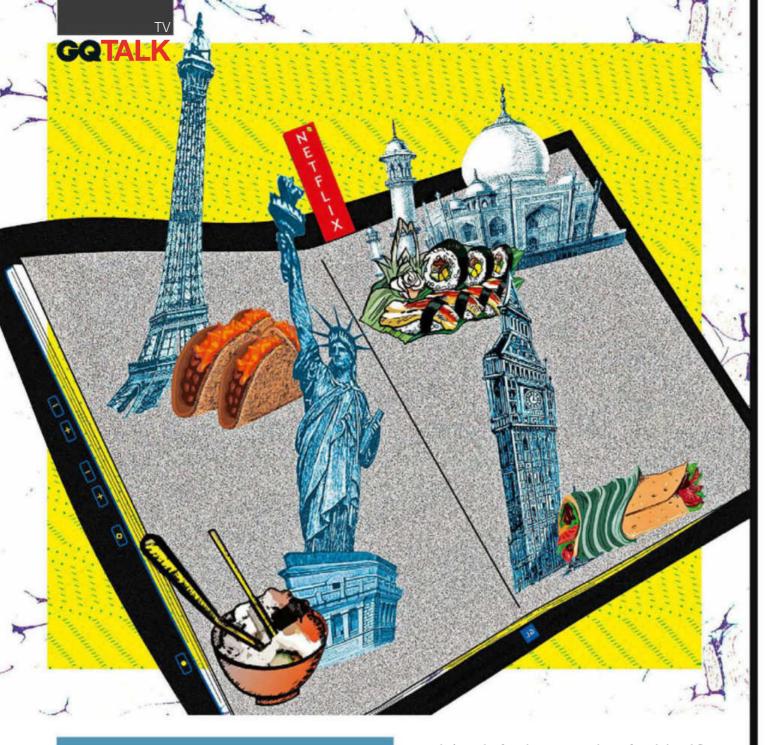




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For more information, visit beinghumanclothing.com



182 NETFLIX AND CHILL BY **NASRI ATALLAH**

DIVERSITY IS THE NEW NORMAL ON TV

hen I was 10 years old, I had a predilection for wearing bow ties and double-breasted blazers and sitting in my father's study pretend-reading books about Gertrude Bell. So it will come as absolutely no surprise that I didn't have many friends. The friends I did have lived in the thousands of books my parents had in our London home, in comics like *The Beano* and on the television I was glued to in my bedroom – I'd somehow managed to convince my mom and dad to let me use

months' worth of pocket money to buy a fourth-hand Sanyo VCR-and-TV combo from an electronics repair shop. I had four channels, and that was my world. Pop culture was – and still is, in many ways – either my main escape route from the realities of life or my surest link to them. And back then the ultimate escape route was the cinema down the road.

Around the same time, I also began to realize that though I loved the movies, no one in them or on TV looked like me, or had a name as confusing as mine – so confusing that even I struggled to pronounce it sometimes. So you can imagine my excitement when I started seeing ads for Disney's major release that year: *Aladdin*. Here was a big-screen cartoon hero modelled on Tom Cruise and who was Arab (or the closest approximation to one the studio could put together).

So on a rainy Saturday afternoon in November 1993, my mum took me to watch the film. As was my habit, I negotiated myself a pick-n-mix, with an emphasis on the cola-flavoured fizzy candy and a large Sprite. And we went into Screen 1.



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When I emerged 90 minutes later, I was crushed. I didn't know the words back then, but I was disappointed by the Orientalism inherent in the storytelling and realized that what I'd just watched was flat-out racism. "It's barbaric, but hey it's home"? Not on my watch.

Being brought up Arab enough to be angry about it and British enough to write a strongly worded letter, I decided to chastise Disney for its shortcomings. And that should have been that. But through a fortuitous

series of events, someone at Disney actually read my letter and wrote back, thanking me for the correspondence and informing me that it had been forwarded to the Arab-American Anti-Discrimination Committee – which made me a lifetime member, I think.

Jump forward to the present day, and my predilection for doublebreasted blazers endures, but the situation on our screens has gotten slightly better. While many depictions of Arabs still verge on the ludicrous in shows like Homeland and have all the nuance of an uncooked potato, 2015 was probably the best year ever for traditionally underrepresented - or badly represented - cultures on screen.

Take Aziz Ansari's Master Of None, which was a darling of the critics and saw him lauded as the rightful heir to Woody Allen. It was one of the most satisfying cultural experiences of the year: It managed to successfully

translate the social status of the stagnant 30-something manchild, as well as that of the second-generation immigrant. I haven't identified that much with a character since, well, ever. I'm not Indian, I'm not Muslim, I'm not Korean, I'm not black and I'm not a lesbian, but the show and its cast made sense to me on every level.

While much of the series is centred on romance and being in New York and other familiar themes, two episodes stood out: "Indians on TV" and "Indian Parents". Take the poignant scene where Dev and Brian, two of the main characters, take their parents out to dinner and realize how little they know of their immigrant experiences. Both Dev's (played by Ansari's actual parents) and Brian's tell touching stories from their childhoods in India and Taiwan, and about the difficulties they faced when they got to America. Their stories leave Dev and Brian with a newfound sense of gratitude towards their parents, and anyone from an immigrant family watching with an intense desire to call their own to tell them they're loved.

TAKE AZIZ ANSARI'S MASTER OF NONE, WHICH WAS A DARLING OF THE CRITICS AND SAW HIM LAUDED AS THE RIGHTFUL HEIR TO WOODY ALLEN. IT WAS ONE OF THE MOST SATISFYING CULTURAL EXPERIENCES OF 2015, SUCCESSFULLY TRANSLATING THE SOCIAL STATUS OF THE STAGNANT 30-SOMETHING MAN-CHILD, AS WELL AS THAT OF THE SECOND-GENERATION IMMIGRANT



It isn't an accident that Master Of None found a home on Netflix. The subscription-funded platform has adopted an approach to coming up with shows that combines a desire to be original and bold with a wealth of data about its subscribers that pretty much guarantees a hit. It isn't held accountable by advertisers and network watchdogs. It can pretty much do what it wants – and it's been working.

Beyond Netflix, Asia's been doing pretty well on the American small screen. Besides

Ansari's success, there's ABC's preposterously fun FBI drama-cum-soap opera Quantico, featuring Priyanka Chopra. It normalizes her as not only an American but an FBI agent – that most jingoistic and sacred of roles on network TV. ABC also took a risk with Fresh Off The Boat, a show based on celebrity chef Eddie Huang's memoir about growing up in a Taiwanese family in DC and Florida. The show has been a critical and commercial success, proving that - despite Donald Trump's best efforts - there's an audience out there that's no longer terrified by difference but actually interested in it.

But why is it important that 2015 has seen so many successful American shows about traditionally ignored communities? There's an academic line of thinking called "cultivation theory": It states that the "more time people spend 'living' in the television world,

the more likely they are to believe social reality portrayed on television". In other words, television shows are the medium through which most people create and understand standardized roles and behaviours. So it is not hyperbole to say that what we all watch is quite literally defining how we all live together. The networks that make these shows dominate the culture we consume in many places, and with platforms like Netflix rolling out worldwide, that might become even more prevalent. While it's not particularly groundbreaking when an Indian TV channel makes a show about an Indian family, it truly is when that happens in a country Indians emigrate to.

And in a smaller, but equally important way, it means that more and more awkward 10-year-olds can look at a screen and see themselves, and be proud of what they see. And maybe, just maybe, fewer of them will have to send off angry emails to executives at Netflix and ABC.

Nasri Atallah is currently watching The Square and Arrested Development



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WHAT YOUR FACEBOOK BIRTHDAY WISH SAYS ABOUT YOU

BY ERIC SCHULMILLER

#TRUTH

appy happy!

You are my Aunt Ira, who lives in Defence Colony.

Happy Birthday, Sid!!!

You are my co-worker who tries too hard. The one who is always inviting everybody to Happy Hour, forcing us to make excuses about "next time, for sure." Somehow I always forget to wish you a happy birthday at work, even though your birthday is on Lohri, which we never get off but is memorable nonetheless. And then I'm scrolling through my feed late at night and I come across the birthday reminders and I feel like shit for forgetting. And then, three seconds later, I come across an adorable panda video that eight of my friends have shared and I forget all about you and your stupid birthday.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY SID

You are my dad. You know perfectly well that all-caps denotes shouting. But you do it anyway because it's easier to type in all-caps than to deal with the shift key, even on your giant Samsung phone. Then again, you enjoy inappropriate shouting in real life social situations too, so maybe it's not a matter of keyboard preferences.

#birthdayshots #cakehasnocaloriesonyourbday #YOLO #SWAG

You are my older brother's Zumbainstructor wife, making a sad attempt to co-opt the lingo of your 12-year-old daughter (who wouldn't be caught dead using hashtags) as you futilely cling to your rapidly vanishing youth.

Happy birthday, sweetie! [Posted as a reply to someone else's birthday wish on my Facebook wall]
You are my nani.

HBD!

You are my daughter's football coach. I marvel at the way you run your practices with both enthusiasm and efficiency. You clearly handle your Facebook birthday wishes with the same succinct aplomb. My pointy party hat is off to you, sir.

hbd

You are a sociopath.

happy birthday

You pour a second cup of coffee from your French press and allow a small, sad sigh to escape your lips as you gaze upon the long list of Facebook birthday wishes that will keep you shackled to your laptop until you have begrudgingly wished each and every one of your "friends" (industry contacts, former students, successful authors) a happy birthday instead of lounging in bed doing the crossword, which used to be your morning ritual. The lack of punctuation, personalization and capitalization in your birthday wishes is intentional - a way for you to let your bitter resentment for this meaningless social obligation shine through. You pause to recall how inspired you felt back in college when you first encountered Nehru's "Letters To My Daughter" and discovered how rich and meaningful correspondence could be. That is what motivated you to get into publishing in the first place. When you first joined Facebook, you were hopeful that it would usher in a renaissance in interpersonal communication, as you reconnected with long-lost friends and deepened connections to your closest companions. Instead, you feel like a prisoner in that best-selling dystopian novel that you dismissively passed on two years ago (the one now being made into a major motion picture) about a teenage girl who is forced to interact with the outside world only by touchscreen. You were my

boss when I worked at a temp agency that supplied administrative assistants to editors at publishing houses – the same agency for which you have been temping since you lost your job last year, when your publishing house was taken over by Reliance Jio.

Happy birthday, Sid. I hope you'll celebrate by signing this Change.org petition to encourage Modi to declare August 15 "Akhand Bharat Diwas" [sent directly via Facebook instant message]

You are my Uncle Arun.

hopy birthdat!

You are so wasted that your iPhone has given up trying to autocorrect your mistakes. You were my best friend's roommate in college. I once saw you consume an entire bottle of absinthe/ FireBall Cinnamon Whisky in a 24-hour period. It is still a mystery to me how you managed to get through law school, but I must congratulate you on being the only Delhi High Court judge not indicted on corruption charges. Considering how long your obligatory Facebook birthday wishlist must be, I understand why you must sometimes work your way through it at 2am from a barstool at My Bar, in Connaught Place.

Happy birthday to the best son a mother could have! And did you know he's been published? Here's a link to every article Sid's ever written [posted as her own Facebook status update] You are my mom.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MY BUDDY! MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU!!! [Includes a link to a YouTube video of Chewbacca eating birthday cake]

We've only met once. I friended you at a conference after you complimented my Star Wars watch, and we had a pleasant 20-minute conversation over lunch about our hopes for the new trilogy. I feel a bit guilty about not responding to your direct messages or frequent invitations to your improv shows, but, honestly, it's all I can do to keep up with my closest circle of friends and family. I just don't have time for a new best friend, OK? But I'll still wish you happy birthday on Facebook – I'm not a monster.

Eric Schulmiller writes on pop culture for The Atlantic and The New Yorker





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188 COMIC RECON

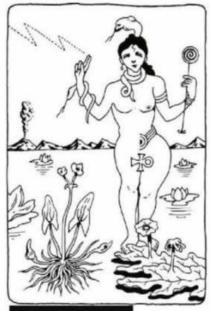
BY PRAJNA DESAI

THE THREE TO READ WHEN YOU'RE OVER MARVEL AND DC



y first comic book revelation occurred while walking through an exhibition of artwork by Chicagobased artist Chris Ware, who's reputed for at least two things: his stories of alienated people, depression and almost-humanlike relationships between animals, and his style. The clean, dark outlines for ordinary characters, everyday objects and architectural interiors inhabiting his panels remind one of cutouts from pop-up books. His deliberate use of naturalistic colour tones evokes a complex spectrum of feeling Ware associates with children. Together with his adult themes, these formal qualities produce a richness of meaning that his most distinguished peers agree have changed the playing field of comic books. Since Ware, my discoveries of the form have been humbling; and a list such as this one, featuring only three, might seem too selective. Yet each of these underappreciated publications demonstrates the form's tremendous variety, which comic book novices and sceptics alike are now approaching with













Pages from Sasaki Maki's Ding Dong Circus And Other Stories, edited and translated by Ryan Holmberg and published by Breakdown Press (2015) newfound respect.

Ding Dong Circus And Other Stories (2015) offers, for the first time in English, a collection by Sasaki Maki, the beloved king of alternative manga. At a time when the walls between avantgarde aesthetics and pop culture were breaking down in Sixties Japan, Sasaki's non-narrative stories represented the most aggressive and successful crossover between comic books, graphic design and experimental film-making. Powered by dense visual detail, the cornucopia in his panels offered relief from the vapid excess of action-driven plots back then. The 15 stories here, created between 1967 and 1974, were originally published in *Garo*, Japan's most prestigious magazine until 2004 for alternative comics.

Sasaki's world was fantastical, often pithy on words and peppered with aphoristic remarks, but remained razor-sharp in its critique of popular culture and politics. Take for example "The Vietnam Debate" (1969), a story composed entirely as a collage of readymade images sourced from print advertising, glamour

magazines and newspapers, and rendered as negatives. In the contrast between the candyfloss imagery of couples smiling, flirting and looking dapper, and the straight-shooting sound bytes – INVASION, RESISTANCE, TENSION, INDICATOR, URGENCY – there's a suggestion that no amount of fun-filled consumerism could ever obscure Japan's role as a crony of the US in the Vietnam War

American cartoonist Robert Crumb's *The Book Of Genesis* (2009) is based mostly on Robert Alter's definitive 1996 translation of *The Book Of Genesis* as well as the standard King James version from the Bible. Though rendered in his stubbled, weather-beaten line, Crumb's notorious leanings towards satire, provocation and dirty pictures ebb in favour of realistic renditions of biblical stories. By delving into Mesopotamian history as it has appeared in film and literature, Crumb has attempted to produce the most authentic representations possible, of clothing, architecture, even Semitic racial features.

Yet this loyalty to his sources went too far, say some critics, who took umbrage at the book's frequent depictions of concubinism, wife-swapping and incest. And despite chastely hidden genitals, lasciviousness and eros remain master tropes in this book. The upshot, of an otherwise-lifelong satirist's treatment of the Bible, is an oddly empathetic adaptation. His humane touch is strongest in those passages where the sacred is the least humane. People laugh and love. They weep and beg forgiveness. And they have quite a bit of sex, under the eyes of a raging, impossible-to-please God.

Far from this world is Zahra's Paradise (2011) by Amir Soltani and Khalil, a little-known artistwriter pair, respectively, of Persian and Arab extraction based in the United States. This story. which sometimes resembles a mystery, plots the trials of a woman named Zahra in search of her son Mehdi, who has gone missing during the fallout of Iran's 2009 elections - which, by all reliable accounts, were rigged to produce a disputed victory for the incumbent Mahmoud Ahmadinejad. Over 3 million people turned out in peaceful protests, to which the government responded by arresting thousands and remanding hundreds to state prisons to suffer torture and death. And despite its funereal title after a Tehran cemetery called Behesht-e-Zahra (Zahra's Paradise"), a place Iranians consider the great leveller, since people of all stripes are buried there – the book lets in hints of brilliant light at the very moment when things look irremediably grim.

For such sombre grist, it frequently surprises and charms, not by gratuitous injections of cheer but through a fulsome picture of modern Iran as a country populated by a lively citizenry and stories within stories. From quaint





neighbourhoods and the opinionated cab driver to the bureaucrat who grovels at the foot of his mistress and a chain-smoking widow trashing the imam inside her small Tehran flat, *Zahra's Paradise* goes well beyond documenting a fraught contemporary history. It lodges in the reader's mind, primarily through scenes that swoop, crouch, leap and plunge, via shifting perspectival vantages, pictures of a living, breathing Iran.

Likewise, Sasaki's stories are evocative, funny and terrifying, possibly because he pares words to essentials and translates the human reflex to think and reason through pictures into visually reverberating panels. Crumb's stab at God owes just as equally to the power of the image to seemingly represent veracity. Literalizing Bible stories as factualized pictures is ultimately what fuels Crumb's pitch – that to believe in the Holy Book is also to accept that God can be cruel.

It also confirms that the comic book or graphic novel derives its strength from its inherently exploratory and argumentative character – from those shifts in register and tone that images are able to achieve, by showing not telling and by contrast through juxtaposition – that ultimately distinguishes it as such a potent literary and visual form.

Prajna Desai is an art historian who shuttles between Mumbai and Tokyo





190 TAKING FLIGHT

BY JULIAN SANCTON

HUMANITARIAN GROUPS MUST TAP INTO THE POWER OF TECHNOLOGY



t the start of his treacherous journey across the Aegean Sea in a rubber dinghy with 62 other refugees, Hassan called a friend in New York. His plan was to keep her on the line in case anything went wrong. It did. The boat sprang a leak and sank. As Hassan went overboard, he managed to hold his phone above the waves so he could tell his friend to alert the Turkish coast guard. He used WhatsApp to send her his location. He was rescued 45 minutes later. Hassan, a 28-year-old English teacher fleeing the Syrian civil war, set out again the next morning, but only after checking an app called SeaConditions. It didn't matter: Masked vigilantes attacked his boat, and Hassan had to swim for eight hours to a Greek island. Once safe, he bought a new, dry smartphone. The current refugee crisis differs

from every mass migration before it, not just in size and scope – 3 million people are expected to arrive in Europe this year – but because these travellers are so connected. Vast numbers of them own smartphones (even if they don't have a passport); Wi-Fi has become as vital as food and water. That's crucial to understand as traditional aid organizations struggle to help. For the aid to be truly effective, these agencies must begin funding and emulating the smaller, nimbler start-ups that recognize what's really needed here: *mobile* solutions, for a crisis literally on the move.

The United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, the biggest force for this kind of relief, did shift policies in 2014, when it decided to focus more on delivering aid to wherever refugees happened to be and less on establishing camps. It was a good step, but it's not the full answer – migrants move quickly and often leave aid workers behind. As Hassan, who's now seeking asylum in London (and asked that we not use his last name), says of the international NGOs: "You see their logos, but you don't see them."

The UN seems to realize this. For the past three years, an innovation programme – yes, one does exist – has been surveying the landscape for tech-centric approaches. It wasn't long before the group identified hackathons as one of the most promising product-development strategies available. At gatherings across Europe, young coders are dreaming up ingenious solutions to address practical needs. These are the networks that deserve more attention and more funding.

When you hear about refugees using apps to make their way across Europe, it's often Facebook that saves the day. Google Maps and Google Translate help, and WhatsApp and Viber are vital tools, but Facebook functions as the default network. Important as it's been, though, Facebook is a mess of chatter: disorganized, incomplete and missing of-the-moment, on-the-ground input from host nations. As global aid institutions look to tech for solutions, Facebook is a fine place to start, but it's not at all optimized for efficiency and comprehensiveness.

The real innovators are working for a new crop of grassroots nonprofits, and they're the ones who need the resources of, say, the UN and the Red Cross. The best known so far, Germany's Refugees Welcome, connects asylum seekers with households that have a spare room.

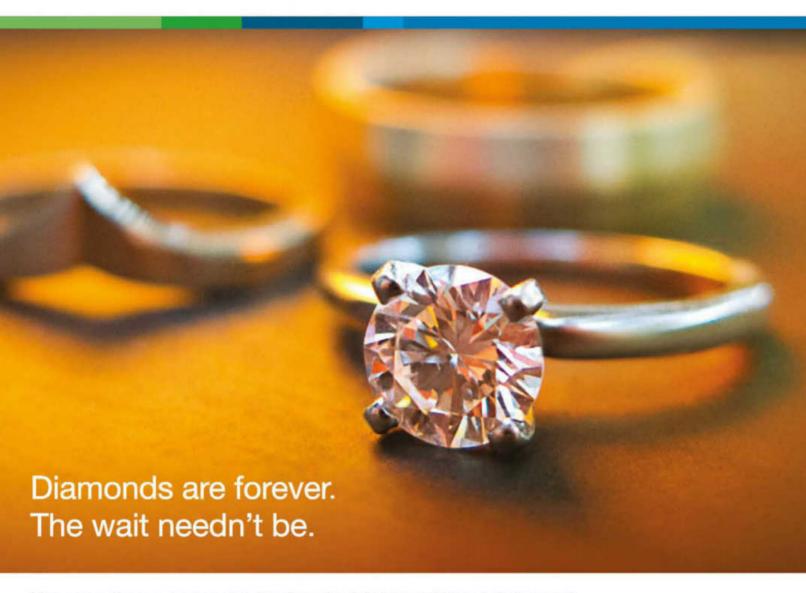
But accommodation isn't enough; a more lasting solution must include integration. Enter 29-year-old Carlos Arbelaez. When he fled to Paris from Colombia four years ago, he spent months sleeping on the street until a woman offered to take him in. That prompted Arbelaez to join the French aid organization Singa, where he helped create *Comme à la Maison*, or CALM, a website that matches refugees and hosts according to common interests like music, sports and food. His next project, Waya, is a map-based platform that will clarify local asylum laws while directing people to places where they can find jobs, grab a bite, learn the local language, do laundry, practise yoga, even (in France at least) join a pétangue league.

Both of these projects share an origin story: They were born at hackathons. Not huge, Disrupt-style confabs, but rather smaller events with minimal resources. Traditional institutions should be backing networks that promote this kind of innovation – like Techfugees, which brings together NGOs and volunteer coders from all over Europe. (American programmers have been slower to contribute brain power.) Better-equipped hackathons could yield all kinds of tools, not just services akin to Airbnb but apps that assist on the journey as well.

Humanitarian organizations are not irrelevant, of course. "Engineers and software developers don't know how to drop tents out of transport planes," says Techfugees founder Mike Butcher. "But they know how to leverage real-time data and social networks to create products that can change lives." In other words, old and new must work together.

Not doing so won't just fail refugees. For all the xenophobic sentiment metastasizing around Europe and America, there are millions of European citizens who are ready and even eager to offer their support, if only they knew how. That's something these new aid projects are particularly good at: empowering people in their homes – far away from desks and bloated, sclerotic systems – to make a difference. Julian Sancton (@jsancton) is a writer and editor based in New York





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Here for good

THE WORLD TWENTY20

WRITTEN BY **GAUTAM BHIMANI** & **MERYL D'SOUZA**PHOTOGRAPHED BY **WARWICK SAINT**

n the autumn of 2007, as we gathered in South Africa for the inaugural World Twenty20 Cup, nobody quite knew what to expect. To most, the format was a distraction from serious cricket. To others, it was just a bit of fun. The event could well have met its death in Durban or capitulated in Cape Town. But one team captured the spirit of the game. They were a team who had been disdainful of the format – until then - going as far as leaving out established stars from the lineup. Captained by a maverick with flowing tresses and equally unorthodox tactics, they won a bowl-out with unexpected bowlers, had players audacious enough to hit six sixes in an over, and finally on one famous evening at the Bull Ring, beat their archrivals and neighbours to hold aloft the trophy. Yet the impact was not fully felt until the champions landed in Mumbai to hundreds of thousands giving our boys a welcome fit for deities. On that September afternoon, the game had changed.

Today T20 is big business. And as the short-format cricket carnival rolls into India for the first time ever, Mahi's Maverick Men are favourites to change the pattern, set since 2007, of producing a new champion each tournament. My confidence is not misplaced patriotism. Here's an attempt to alphabetically explain an outcome that often defies logic and certainty on the field of play.

A: is for Average, or the Law Of, to be precise. The cup has moved around to four other teams since 2007. It's time for the parcel to be passed back.

: is for Batting. On flat home surfaces, the Kashmir willow will wield more weight.

C: is for Crowd. The sheer decibel levels of the home faithful will drown out most other aspirants to the title.

D: is for Destiny. We are a nation of superstitions and divine eccentricities.

is for Eden. India failed at the hallowed garden to reach the 1987 Final, and were felled in the 1996 Semi-Final in their bid to reach the summit of world cups. The first four letters will ensure India hoist a world trophy at Eden this year.

is for fielding. India's next-gen athletes know how to swing games in the circle or outfield...

— And in true T20 style, I'm going to quickly jump from the power play to the slog overs, finishing up with X, Y and Z.

X: is for X-Factor, something India have in abundance.

Y: is for Yuvraj, the talismanic Prince of T20. Even if he never repeats his magical Durban devastation, his presence alone inspires the team and intimidates the opposition.

tournament the boys in blue can win in their sleep.



KOHLI

THE HOTHEAD

SIGNATURE MOVE: PIERCING COVER DRIVE

DNA

"My family tells me I was three when I first picked up a bat, and that the moment I did, I started swinging it. Even at that age, I was forcing my father to bowl to me. I guess I was born with the cricket instinct."

LESSONS

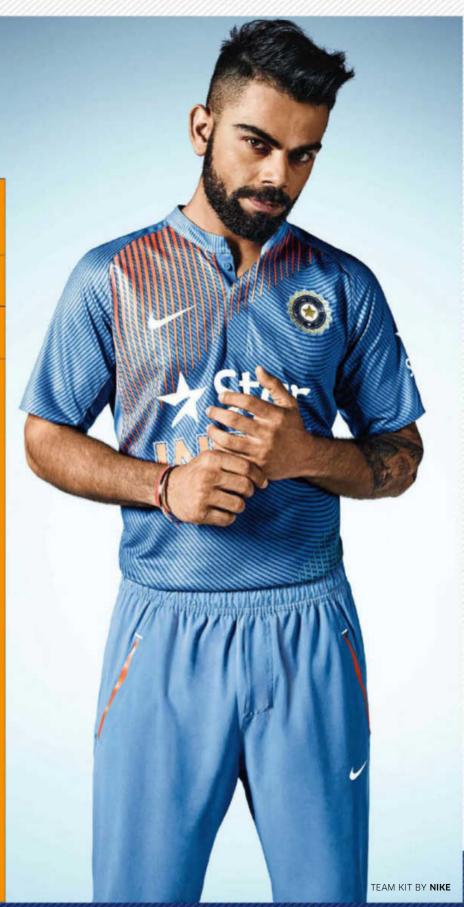
"Cricket has taught me to be more disciplined, more organized. I look after my fitness, my eating habits, the things around me, so life has started to have a set pattern that's very helpful. This helps me during tough times, because I know exactly what needs to be done to keep on track."

TURNING POINT

Kohli was unceremoniously dropped before the Test series against England in 2011, a turning point in his career. "I was left out because of my attitude. People thought I was too arrogant... that I was too funky with my spiky hair and tattoos. The truth is, after training with the best players in the world every day, you start feeling a bit overconfident, a bit cocky. That happened to me in the first year of the IPL."

TECHNIQUE

Like Sachin Tendulkar, Kohli visualizes the shots he wants to play against specific bowlers. "During a Test match in South Africa in 2013, Dale Steyn was spraying bouncers towards me, and kept urging me to pull him. Eventually he bowled a ball that I had visualized many times over, so I went through with the shot I'd played out in my head many times, swatting it down and into the gap, I hit the ball hard and clean. It's exactly what I'd imagined, and exactly what happened."





NIWHZA

THE MENTALIST

SIGNATURE MOVE: SUDOKU BALL

BEGINNINGS

Ashwin started out as a batsman, opening at the U-17 level, and also as a medium pace bowler, but was dropped after a string of bad performances. He even tried batting down the order to find form, but couldn't. With the runs drying up, it was former Indian seamer Venkatesh Prasad who told the 17-year-old to focus on his off-spinners. By the time he was 18, Ashwin had metamorphosed into a deadly spin bowler.

APPROACH

"Decision making" is foremost, says India's spearhead bowler. "As cricketers in India, we have to make a lot of decisions, some bold and a few rather politically correct. You also learn to accept failure. You learn to deal with these things at a very early age."

TURNING POINT

Ashwin started out with a couple of tepid performances in the 2010 IPL, but got an opportunity when Sri Lanka's Muttiah Muralitharan was benched against Mumbai to comply with the IPL's foreign player stipulation (no more than four on the field at any point in the match). He curtailed Mumbai's run rate and kept batsmen guessing with wicked variations in flight and pace. More importantly, he unleashed the sudoku ball – where the ball is released by flicking it between the thumb and the middle finger, to give extra pace and bite after it hits the turf – leaving batsmen in a knotted heap.

PREF

Ashwin isn't big on prep. Most of his work is done in real-time. He uses decoy and psychology to bait a batsman. "In T20, the odds are stacked in favour of the batsman," he said, after his IPL club Chennai Super Kings' win over the Deccan Chargers in 2010, "and it's actually a comfort factor for the bowler. If the batsman doesn't put me away for the first three or four balls, the pressure is on him."

RAHANE

THE NEW "WALL"

SIGNATURE SHOT: "GO FETCH ME" DRIVE DOWN THE GROUND

HUMBLE ROOTS

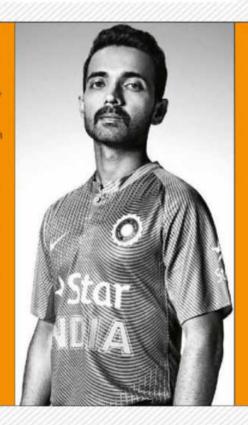
Rahane was seven when his father took him to a coaching camp in the Mumbai suburb of Dombivli that used a matting surface for training. "When I was young, I never played cross-batted shots because that meant running the risk of cracking my bat. My family couldn't afford that. Bats are expensive. They made large sacrifices for me. I come from a lower-middle class family, so we couldn't even afford a rickshaw ride – I used to walk the 6km from my house to the camp, with my mother holding my bag."

TURNING POINT

About two years after a disappointing start to his Test career, Rahane was facing one of the world's best bowlers, Dale Steyn, on the 2013 South Africa tour. When Steyn's bouncer crashed into Rahane's helmet, the Mumbai boy didn't flinch. Four deliveries later, when another short ball came his way, he pulled it for a boundary, scoring a half-century, and followed that up with a 96 in the second innings. "I got hit and told myself to not react," Rahane said at the post-match interview. "The world was watching me and by taking it in my stride, I showed my grit."

POFF

Physically, Bahane gears up for a series at least 15 days before it begins. But mentally, he starts visualizing conditions about a month in advance. "I'm always in touch with Bahul [Dravid] bhai about my batting, my preparation and the way he used to approach a game. He's told me to keep my game simple and to never complicate things. I try to do that."





INDIA AT THE WORLD TWENTY20 (HOPEFULLY)

→ MARCH 3.5

GROUP STAGE

vs New Zealand Vidarbha Cricket Association Stadium, Nagpur

→ MARCH 3/9

GROUP STAGE

vs Pakistan HPCA Stadium, Dharamsala

→ MARCH 23

GROUP STAGE

vs Bangladesh/Ireland/ Netherlands/Oman M Chinnaswamy Stadium, Bengaluru

→ MARCH 27

GROUP STAGE

vs Australia PCA Stadium, Mohali

→ MARCH 30

SEMI-FINAL 1

TBD vs TBD Kotla, Delhi

→ MARCH 33

SEMI-FINAL 2

TBD vs TBD Wankhede Stadium, Mumbai

→ APRIL 3

FINAL

TBD vs TBD Eden Gardens, Kolkata

JADEJA

THE CONTAINMENT SPECIALIST

SIGNATURE MOVE: ARM BALL

BEGINNINGS

Even as a young boy, cricket was an investment for Jadeja. He'd have to spend a rupee to buy his way into a "winners take all" match. If his team won, he'd spend his winnings on gola. "That was our Pepsi," he said.

LEARNINGS

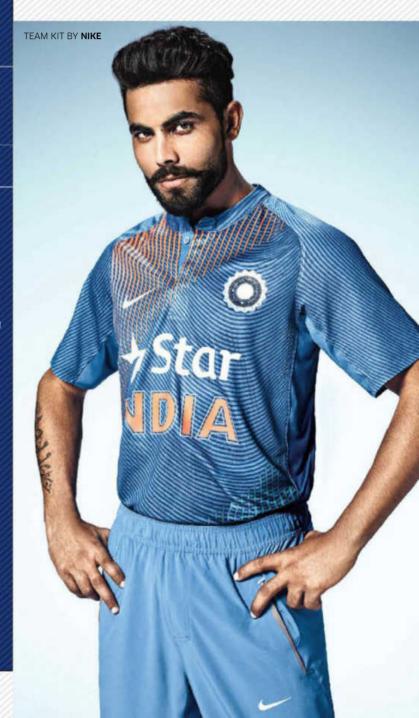
"One thing I've learned through sport is persistence," Jadeja says. Before you sneer at this cliché, know that this is the moustachioed man who was jeered by fans in the 2009 T20 World Cup for failing to pick up the pace with the bat when the situation demanded, then made a wild comeback in the 2013 Champions Trophy, and then was dropped last year before doing well in the recent Test series against South Africa.

THRNING POINT

At the first edition of the IPL in 2008, he and his Rajasthan Royals were meant to be the tournament's whipping boys – and that's what happened at the hands of the Delhi Daredevils in their first match. It was against Kings XI Punjab, when Jadeja walked to the middle, four wickets down with 68 needed from 8 overs, that the tide turned. He let Shane Watson hog the limelight with his 36 off 25 balls. But team mentor Shane Warne didn't overlook Jadeja's contribution. "We identified him as a special talent straight away," said Warne. The Australian legend didn't hold back, going on to call Jadeja a rockstar and the future of Indian cricket. How prescient.

PRFF

Like Ashwin, Jadeja tries to outfox opposition batsmen. But he's more than just mind games. While dangerous on turning tracks, when the wicket is not as helpful, he also bowls a low, flat trajectory that doesn't give batsmen room to play their big shots without taking a gamble. The Rajput urges batsmen to have a go, with the floating ball often landing in the hands of a delighted fielder.



THE

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Keeping emergency go-bags in your house and car is obligatory, but what if disaster strikes while you're at Baskin-Robbins? That's where a philosophy called Every-Day Carry comes in. You should keep basic tools on hand at all times. This gear can help you deal with disasters or just the little twists and turns of normal life. The best part: It all fits seamlessly into whatever clothing you typically wear. —Wes Siler

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- **3. USB CHARGER** This little baby is barely the size of a ChapStick, but it can top up your phone.
- **4. MICRO CASE** This watertight, crush-proof polycarbonate housing is sized just right for a pair of glasses.
- **5. CASH** Don't count on ATMs. Carry the total amount you use in a typical day at all times (in small bills).
- **6. SMARTPHONE** GPS still works when the grid is down. Be sure to download topographic or street maps for your area.

ON YOUR KEY CHAIN

- **7. MULTITOOL** Pliers. File. Scissors. Tweezers. Screwdriver. Bottle opener.
- **8.** MAGNET TORCH An essential made even better when there's a magnet that allows you to position the light while you work.
- **9. POCKETABLE PRY BAR** To jimmy locks and open containers, tasks that might damage a knife blade.
- **10. SAFETY PIN** Clothing malfunction? Look no further. Loop the coil around your key chain for easy carry.
- **11. DUCT TAPE** You can tightly wrap eight feet around a piece of paracord and it'll be no bigger than your pinkie.
- **12. WHISTLE** Three blasts in quick succession is the international call for help. Just don't cry wolf.
- **13. PILLBOX CASE** To secure essential prescription meds (or just emergency supplies of Imodium and paracetamol).



WALK AWAY FROM A PLANE GRASH

SAFETY TIPS THE FLIGHT ATTENDANTS WON'T TELL YOU

HERE'S A SURPRISING FACT:

In airplane accidents, passengers frequently get injured after the plane has come to a halt. If flight attendants were allowed more latitude, they'd add these essential tips to their spiels about seat belts, motion discomfort bags and tray tables. —Brendan I Koerner



Flip flops make it easier to get through security, but they can get your feet crushed in a post-crash scramble for the exit. Wear long sleeves and long pants to avoid burns from any fires and scrapes from the safety slide.

COUNT THE ROWS

Make sure you know precisely how many rows separate your seat from the closest portal to freedom. If it's dark or smoky, you'll have to grope for an exit.

SLIDE SAFELY

Those inflatable yellow slides are more hazardous than they appear on the laminated safety cards – you can rocket off the side or snap a bone at the bottom. Cross your arms and your ankles, press your elbows to your sides and point your toes to help you land properly.

STAVE OFF THE SMOKE

The acrid smoke that often fills a battered fuselage can cause you to lose consciousness before you escape. Prepare to protect your lungs by travelling with a pocketable fold-up respirator (Google "emergency escape mask").

STAY VISIBLE

Don't pause to celebrate after you exit. Emergency vehicles have been known to hit people who linger near crashed planes. Turn on your phone's flashlight, then run from the wreck - preferably in a pack with other passengers.





Trapped underwater? Here are some fun facts to reflect upon before your oxygen-deprived brain shuts down





DEFLECT

5 DEFENCES AGAINST ONLINE HARASSERS

perhaps the most pernicious. Perpetrators publish your address or other info online, who support you, take the situation seriously and take



STAY SECURE



SCRUB THE NET

friends of their target



ACT FAST



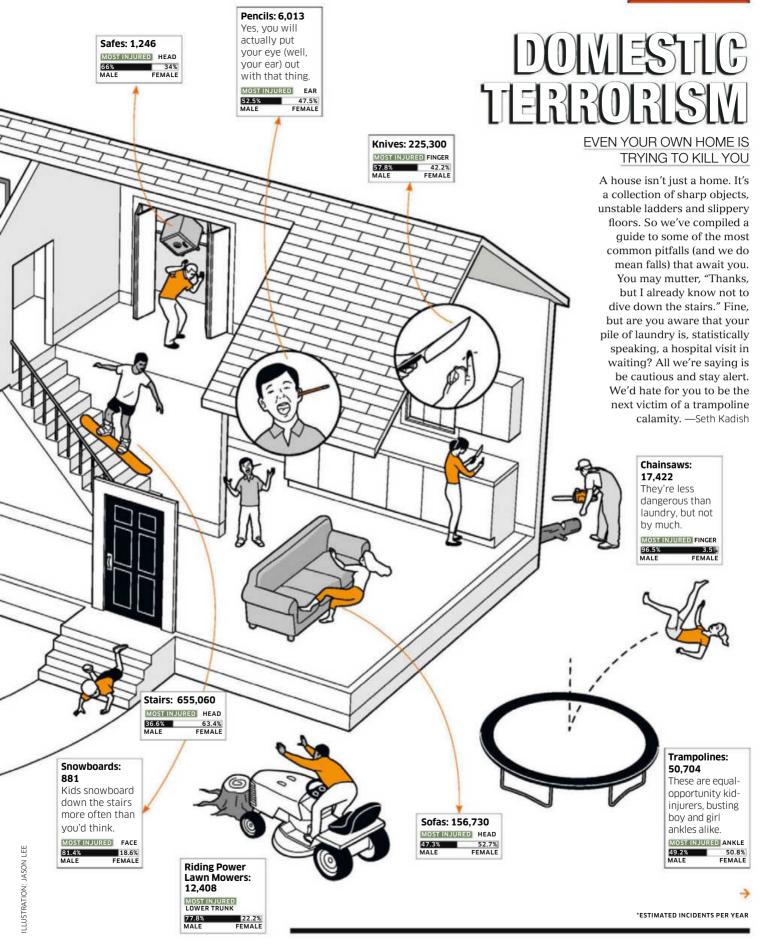
TELL THE COPS



ENLIST SUPPORT







SURVIVAL HANDB25K

Cities flood.
Earthquakes
strike. Terrorists
foment chaos. If
you need to keep it
together in a tense
environment for
a few days,
try these tips
from former US
Navy Seal Clint
Emerson:

1 For a makeshift club, stack 10 sheets of newspaper. Roll tight, fold in half, reinforce the ends with duct tape. Wet the paper to make it heavier, or add a nail for bonus brutality.

2 Make a gas mask fast: Cut the bottom off an empty plastic jug so it fits over your face. Stick a wet sponge into the hole as a filter, and then seal it up with some tape.

Rig up DIY body armour by taping books together with a layer of ceramic tiles on top. Use duct tape to create shoulder straps, and secure it to yourself by wrapping the adhesive horizontally around your torso.



TRICK END-TIMES METAL TRADERS

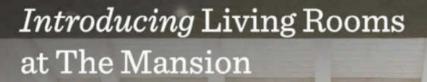
away gold for end funds to buy it at \$1,135 an ounce, get some goldplated tungsten and 24K gold have almost the same density, so fakes mimic the real deal in a water displacement test. (The Archimedesin-the-bath thing.) trick with more travels faster end-times preciousmetal barons might carry ultrasonic the one getting chumped, get the propane torch from your go-bag. (You do have a propane go-bag, right?) It burns at 1,995 the gold layer and reveal the tungsten Veronese 🚍

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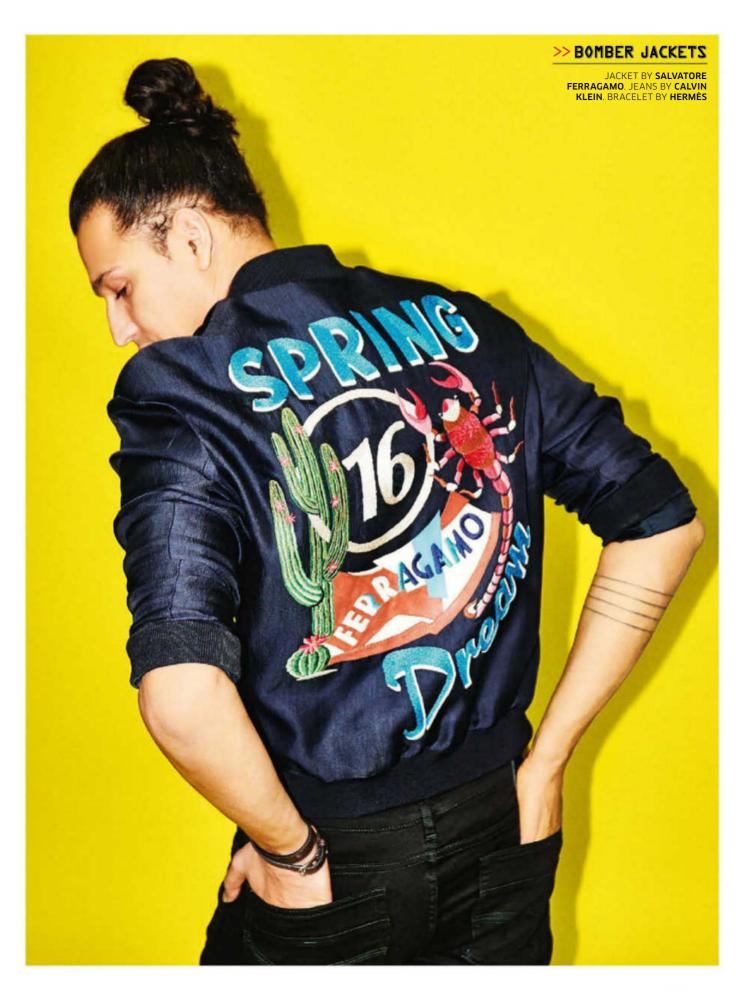


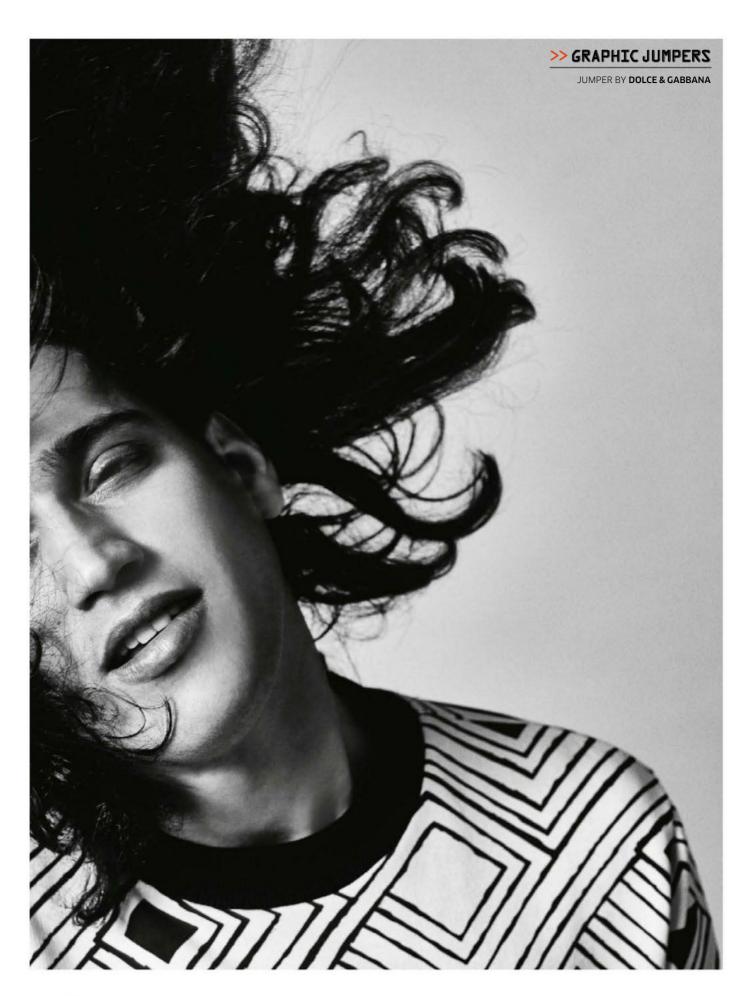
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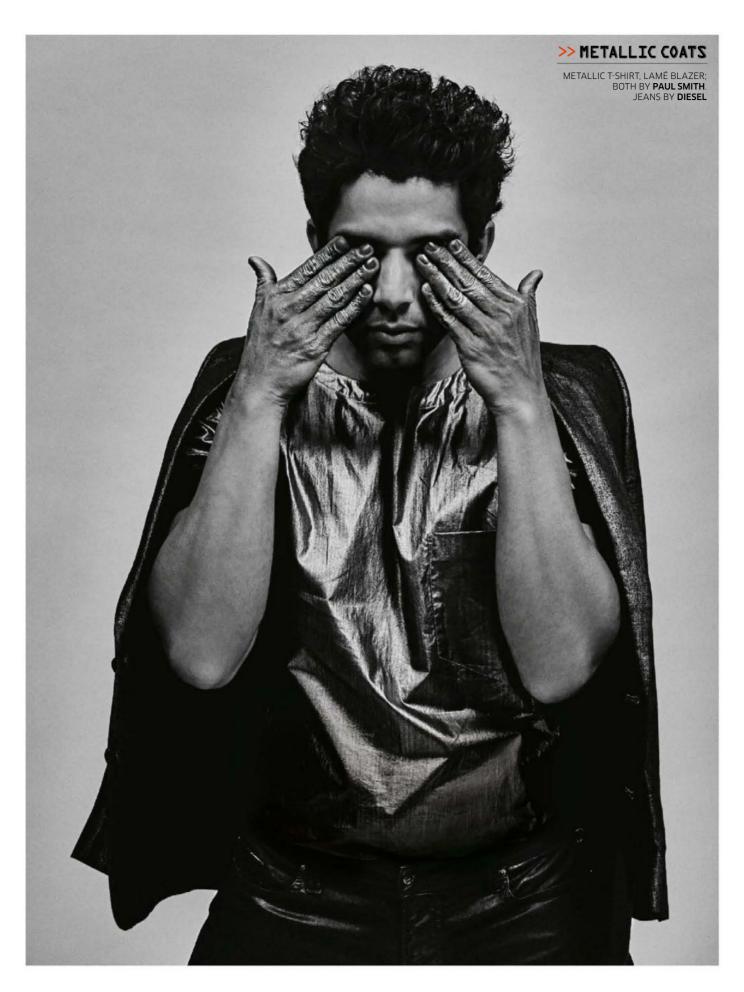
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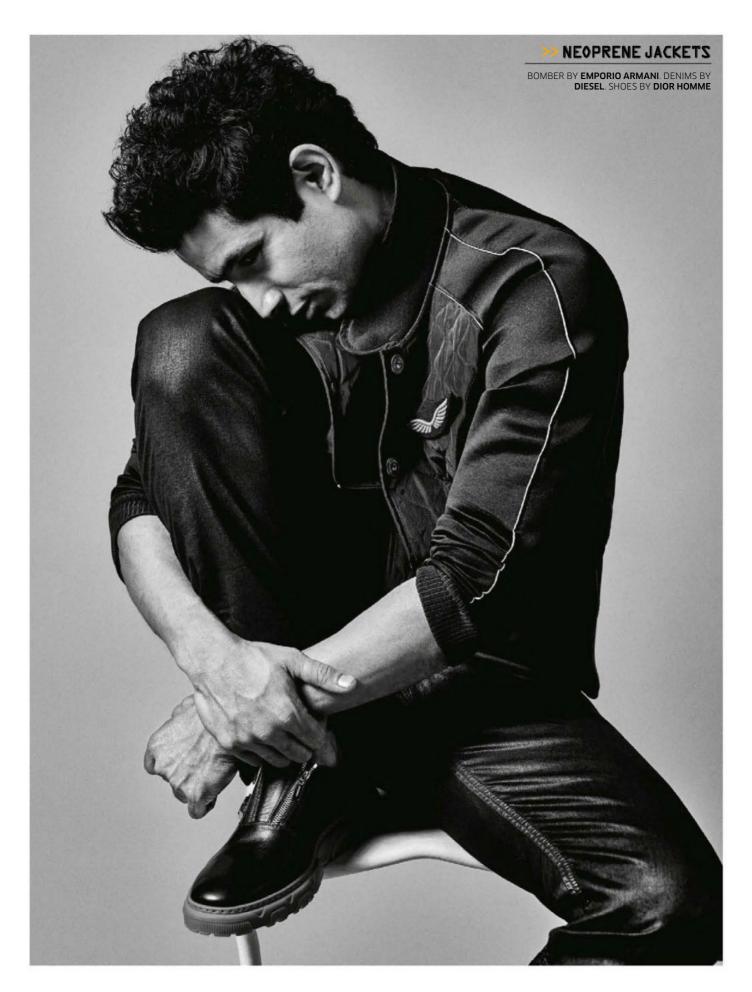
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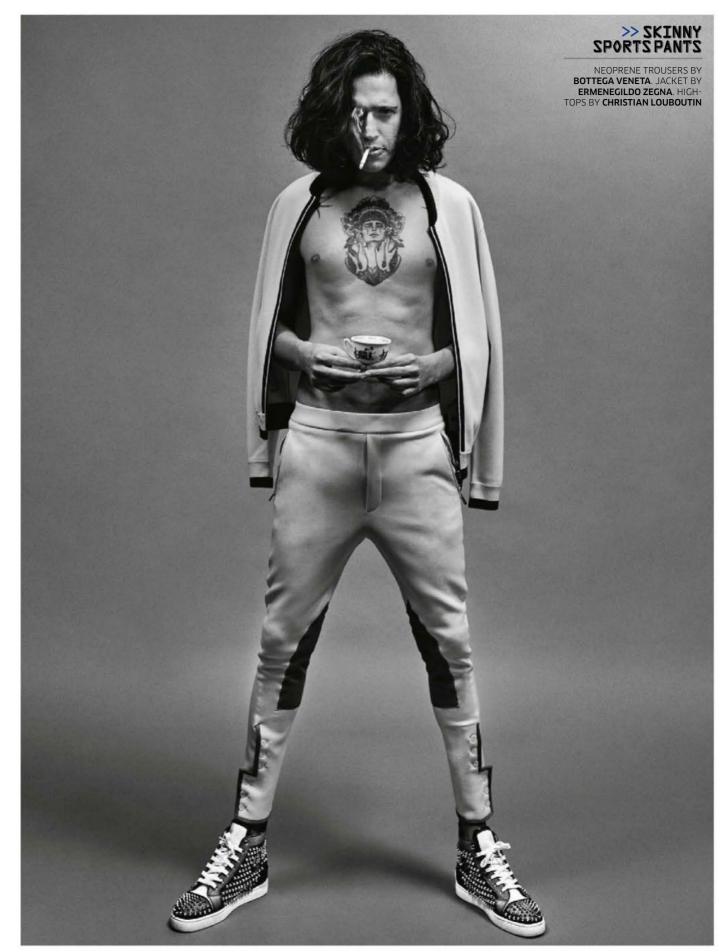


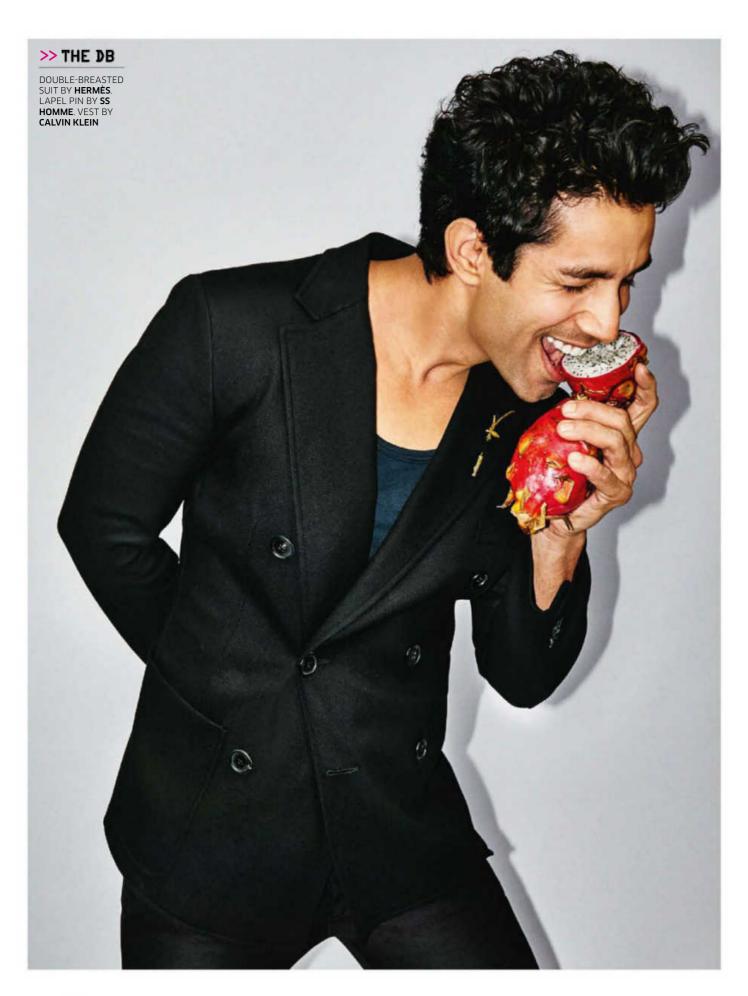






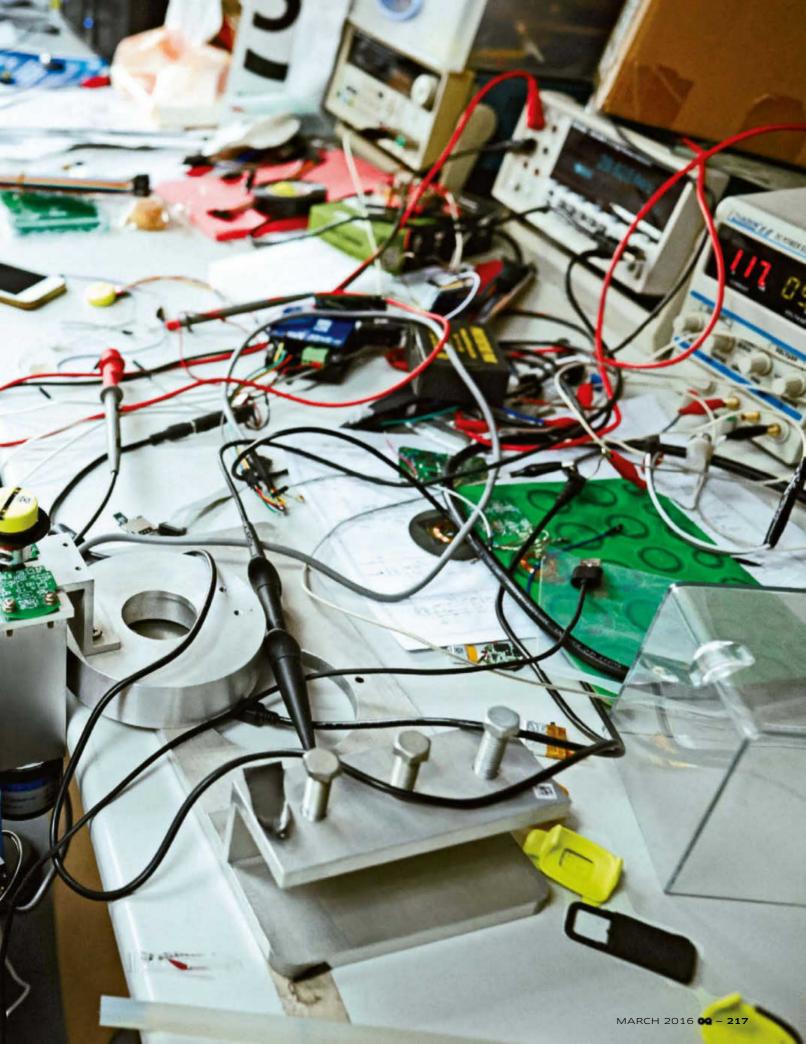














he young programmer had an idea, and everyone thought it was nuts. Just out of college, he'd gotten a job writing software for YY, a livestreaming company based in the massive city of Guangzhou, in China's Pearl River Delta. More than 100 million users every month stream themselves, or tune in to broadcasts of others, singing, playing videogames or hosting talk shows from their Beijing apartments. The audience chats back, prolifically, via voice or text.

The programmer thought YY should try something new: use its proven streaming technology to run a dating service, which would operate kind of like a TV dating show. A host would set up an online lounge, then invite in some lonely singles and coax them

to ask each other questions and maybe find a partner.

Company executives were dubious. "The CEO almost killed it," says Eric Ho, chief financial officer, sitting in YY's headquarters, atop three floors of furiously coding engineers and designers. Are you sure you want to do this? the CEO asked the kid. This is very stupid. I don't think people will like it! But the programmer was hungry and persistent, so they waved him on: Give it a try.

In China, this type of employee didn't use to exist. Ten years ago, high tech observers complained that the nation didn't have enough bold innovators. There were, of course, wildly profitable high tech firms, but they rarely took creative risks and mostly just mimicked Silicon Valley: Baidu was a replica of Google, Tencent a copy of Yahoo, JD a version of Amazon. Young Chinese coders had programming chops that were second to none, but they lacked the drive of a Mark Zuckerberg or Steve Jobs. The California mantra – fail fast, fail often, the better to find a hit product – seemed alien, even dangerous, to youths schooled in an educational system that focused on rote memorization and punished mistakes. Graduates

craved jobs at big, solid firms. The goal was stability: Urban China had only recently emerged from decades of poverty, and much of the countryside was still waiting its turn to do so. Better to keep your head down and stay safe.

That attitude is vanishing now. It's been swept aside by a surge in prosperity, bringing with it a new level of confidence and boldness in the country's young urban techies. In 2000, barely 4 per cent of China was middleclass - meaning with an income ranging from \$9,000 to \$34,000 - but by 2012 fully two-thirds had climbed into that bracket. In the same time frame, higher education soared sevenfold: 7 million graduated college this year. The result is a generation both creative and comfortable with risk-taking. "We're seeing people in their early 20s starting companies - people just out of school, and there are even some dropouts," says Kai-Fu Lee, a Chinese venture capitalist and veteran of Apple, Microsoft and Google, who has spent the past decade crisscrossing the nation, helping youths start firms. Now

major cities are crowded with ambitious inventors and entrepreneurs, flocking into software accelerators and hackerspaces. They no longer want jobs at Google or Apple; like their counterparts in San Francisco, they want to *build* the next Google or Apple.

Anyone with a promising idea and some experience can find money. Venture capitalists pumped a record \$15.5 billion into Chinese startups last year, so entrepreneurs are being showered in funding, as well as crucial advice and mentoring from millionaire angels. (It's still a fraction of the US venture capital pool from 2014, \$48 billion.) Even the Chinese government – which has a wary attitude towards online expression and runs a vast digital censorship apparatus – has launched a \$6.5 billion fund for startups. With the economy's growth slowing after two decades of breakneck expansion, the party is worriedly seeking new sources of good jobs. Tech fits the bill.

The new boom encompasses both online services and the hardware arena. Recent local-kid-makes-good models like Xiaomi, the fast-rising Beijing mobile phone firm, or WeChat, Tencent's globe-conquering social networking app, are leading the way forward. Homegrown firms have distinct advantages, namely familiarity with local tastes, the ability to plug into a first-class manufacturing system built for Western companies and proximity to the world's fastest-growing markets in India and Southeast Asia. The combination of factors is putting them in a position to beat the West at its own game. Xiaomi, for example, was the fourth-highest seller of mobile phones worldwide last year, behind Samsung, Apple and Huawei.

As for YY, it turns out it was good that the executives indulged their enterprising programmer. The dating show launched last year and became a hit. It also generated serious profits. YY has no advertising; it earns revenue when users fork over real Chinese currency to buy virtual items they give as gifts to each other or to the "broadcasters" streaming their own lives online. YY takes a 60 per cent cut of each purchase, with the recipient getting the rest as actual cash. (Popular broadcasters make so much money that they live off their YY earnings.) At a laptop on Ho's table, I peer at the screen, where a dating event is livestreaming. Money is flying



THE SERVICE ECONOMY COMMANDED 44 PER CENT OF ALL MONEY SPENT BY THE CHINESE MIDDLE CLASS IN 2013, A FIGURE THAT CONSULTING FIRM McKINSEY EXPECTS WILL GROW TO 50 PER CENT BY 2022, AS YOUNG URBANITES SPLURGE VIA THEIR PHONES ON EVERYTHING FROM MASSAGES TO TAKEOUT FOOD, HAIRSTYLING AND NAIL SALONS

around as male and female guests give each other – and the host – virtual presents: rings (worth \$1.55), kisses (16 cents) and love letters (5 cents). Some items are pricier yet; for about \$1,000, you can buy someone a virtual Lamborghini. In its first nine months, YY's dating show brought in about \$16 million, a sum growing rapidly every month. Last year, YY itself brought in \$580 million, and three years after going public on the Nasdaq, its market cap tops \$3 billion, even after the market gyrations of 2015. The next Silicon Valley has emerged – and it's in the East.

hina's Tech Boom in the late Nineties produced its own Web 1.0: search engines, email and blogging tools, news portals and Alibaba's sprawling online sales market. Back then, China very much needed local copies of US companies, because US firms often couldn't operate easily in China. The government blocked many foreign sites by using a complex system of filters known as the Great Firewall of China. Local firms had an edge anyway: They understood the particular demands of the Chinese digerati in the early Noughties, when internet access was still scanty. Ten years ago, for example, eBay tried to dominate in China but failed, partly because many small businesses – the places that might otherwise have used eBay to sell their products to the world - didn't yet have computers or a connection to the internet. At Alibaba, however, founder Jack Ma understood this, so he assembled a huge sales force that fanned out across the country, teaching merchants how to get wired. (He also outcompeted eBay's PayPal with Alipay, which holds a buyer's payment in escrow until they receive their goods and pronounce themselves happy with the purchase; this helped build trust in online markets.) Riding that first crest, firms like Baidu and Alibaba became the "big dragons" of Chinese high tech, minting millionaires much as Microsoft had in the Nineties.

The success of copycat firms paved the way for "little dragons" – creative, upstart Web 2.0 firms that emerged in the late Noughties. The big dragons provided role models, but even more significantly, they built the infrastructure crucial for today's high tech boom, including the cloud services that allow any 20-something to launch a business overnight and immediately start billing customers.

One of the most successful in this second wave is Meituan, a firm that has become an ecommerce giant by enabling small merchants across the country to broadcast deals to nearby shoppers who have opted in, on the web and within Meituan's mobile app. When I visit the Beijing headquarters, it looks like a tropical forest: There are leafy green plants plunked down between each workstation, while humidifiers puff clouds of moist air upwards. It's nearly silent, but there's a lot of money flowing through the office. Suspended above dozens of coders is an LCD the size of a table for four that reads "8,309": the number of deals Meituan has broadcast so far today. The firm's revenue has skyrocketed in its six years of operation; in 2014 it processed more than \$7 billion in deals for its 900,000 partners. It's aiming to reach \$18.5 billion by the end of this year.

Meituan's CEO, the slender and soft-spoken Wang Xing, is a serial entrepreneur who tracks the emerging creative shift in Chinese startups. He had already made Chinese clones of Facebook and Twitter when, in 2008, he noticed the rise of Groupon. "There's no doubt that we got influenced by Groupon," he admits. But by then he was seasoned enough to spot the flaws in the discounter's business model. Groupon took a big cut – up to 50 per cent – of the revenue from each deal, which left participating merchants bitter. They'd routinely lose money by issuing Groupon deals, so they'd grit their teeth and hope it would attract new permanent customers; usually it didn't. Wang, in contrast, wanted to make Meituan the easiest way for small merchants to charge their customers and stay in contact with them. Setting Meituan's cut at only 5 per cent ensured that merchants nearly always made money.

He also began developing proprietary ecommerce tech. Wang whips out his phone to show me a recent example. His programmers fanned out to movie theatre chains across the country, laboriously connecting Meituan's app to their booking systems. It was a hassle, but now moviegoers can not only buy a ticket from the Meituan app, they can pick their seats. Wang clicks on *The Hobbit* to show me. "When you go to the theatre you don't have to wait in line and talk to any people – you can just go to a vending machine and scan your passcode" to get in, he says. It's slick and simple, and now one-third of all movie tickets in China are bought via Meituan. Last year it was 10 per cent of the firm's annual income.

It's an adroit move, because service - and convenience - is what China's urban middle class increasingly craves. Sporting high-end mobiles and elite fashion from Europe, they pull out their phones for nearly every purpose: using Alipay to cover a cab ride to a DJ'd party in the artistic outskirts of Beijing; opening WeChat and using its location-sharing function so their friends can find them; posting selfies on Meitu, a picture-sharing service with built-in beautifying filters. The service economy commanded 44 per cent of all money spent by the Chinese middle class in 2013, a figure that consulting firm McKinsey expects will grow to 50 per cent by 2022, as young urbanites splurge via their phones on everything from massages to takeout food, hairstyling and nail salons. Even China's market meltdown doesn't seem to have dented middle-class consumption: During China's travel-focused Golden Week national holiday last October, box office sales were up 70 per cent over the previous year, and overseas trips were up 36.6 per cent, according to Bank of America-Merrill Lynch analysts.

Ecommerce, already big in China, has an astonishing amount yet to grow – a tremendous number of everyday services are not yet online. For example, 80 per cent of China's hotel rooms are still booked offline. And people are eager for ecommerce not just because it's convenient, but because it's much less corrupt and opaque than brick-and-mortar businesses. As Kai-Fu Lee points out, the latter are, by American standards, riddled with inefficiencies and hucksterism. "In the US, hundreds of years of fair competition made commerce relatively fair and transparent," he says. Not so in China. "If you were to sell real estate, there is no transparency." By removing middlemen and creating reputation systems, ecommerce firms are making "

transactions more transparent and trustworthy, he argues. "So a mobile social-based solution will be dramatically better," Lee says.

Corruption is just one of the many challenges China faces. The country's leaders and investors also contend with nontransparent banks, government regulators on the take, rampant pollution, fierce crackdowns on political speech and a rural population yearning for better jobs in the cities. It's not clear whether the party can solve all these messy problems.

In the short run, though, the high tech gold rush has produced manic and fierce competition. Whenever a new category opens up, it's immediately swarmed upon by dozens or even hundreds of entrepreneurs. By comparison, competition in the US is mild; for example, there are only two major firms – Uber and Lyft – duking it out for car bookings. But Lee estimates that in its early days, Meituan had to fight 3,000 competitors dotted across the country. Whoever is left standing is battle-hardened. That's Wang now. Halfway between the old guard and the new, he has become an angel investor himself, on the lookout for youngsters with daring ideas: the next little dragons. One company he's investing in is eDaijia, which, rather hilariously, lets car owners find someone to drive their vehicle home when they're drunk. "They are totally dominant in China, and last year they went to Seoul," he laughs, "because, they told me, that's the most drunk city in the world."

hina's creative boom in web services is significant enough, but arguably it has an even bigger edge over the US in hardware. The country has spent 30 years becoming the manufacturing capital of the world, so coastal cities like Shenzhen and Guangzhou are now crammed with electronics facilities, from tiny three-person shops to Foxconn's 30,000-employee city-factory complexes cranking out iPhones. All have a deep knowledge of how to make things, so it was almost inevitable that homegrown entrepreneurs would get in on the act.

Living next to the factories or being able to stroll the electronics markets, they're the first to know when trends in hardware emerge: for example, when a cutting-edge sensor arrives that lets you collect new forms of data – or when the cost of an existing one suddenly drops to a penny, allowing it to be sprinkled anywhere, like dust.

"It's easier in China than in other places," Robin Han says, "because we have Shenzhen." Han is the 32-year-old co-founder of Zepp Labs, a Beijing-based hardware startup that is the darling of the sports world: It makes a square sensor that tracks your swing - of a golf club, a baseball bat, a tennis racket - then uses an iPhone app to help you improve. Han got the entrepreneurial itch five years ago as a PhD student working in Microsoft's Beijing research office. Big-company life might be stable, but you could toil for years on a project that might never become a real product. Success was out of your control, he tells me, sitting in the brightly lit Zepp office, where, behind him, two dozen coders and designers pilot keyboards. Han had noticed gyroscopes being used in HTC and HP phones as well as Nintendo Wii remotes and

figured they would go down in price as big companies continued to include them in their products. That had potential. He and a friend, Peter Ye (now Zepp's head of R&D), loved sports and hit on the idea for a swing sensor. Players could analyze their motions or compare them to those of professionals; coaches could scrutinize an entire team's practice swings, even remotely. Han and Ye started with golf. They figured duffers would be willing to spend money on a sensor that promised to improve their game. They lead me to the basement, where they have constructed a huge batting-and-golfing cage. "We spent a lot of hours in here perfecting the sensors and working on our swings," Han says. The walls are studded with marks from errant balls. Their prototype worked so well it attracted the attention of an Apple rep who was touring China, looking for products for the Apple Store. Satisfying Apple's precise aesthetics required them to slowly refine the design through 14 prototypes, but it paid off: Since the Zepp sensor launched in Apple Stores worldwide in 2012, Zepp has activated more than 300,000 of them. Han and Ye got Zepp Labs off the ground with \$1.5 million in seed money from angel investor Xiao Wang and worked their contacts to find a good factory to help prototype and mass-produce their device. That last step – finding a talented, Foxconn-class factory that has deep experience in elegantly solving design challenges – has traditionally been the hard part of getting things made in China. But in recent years, that's gotten easier too. A set of middlemen has emerged specifically to help bridge that gap, including Highway 1, a programme by the manufacturing giant PCH: It picks gadget inventors from around the world and finds topflight factories willing to take a risk manufacturing a product by an unknown new talent.

There's also been a hackerspace movement in China. The first one – Shanghai's XinCheJian – was co-founded in 2010 by Chinese internet entrepreneur David Li, when he noticed how cheap prototyping tools were allowing kitchen-table inventors to produce increasingly slick prototypes. Now local creators from across China mix with expatriates who flock to XinCheJian from around the world, brainstorming ideas with each other and going on tours of factories organized by Li to help them understand how China's hardware ecosystem works. Much like a gym,



members pay monthly fees to XinCheJian, which gives them access to the hackerspace's tools and, just as important, advice and networking from fellow inventors. "I always encourage people: Get to your prototype fast, try to find manufacturing partners and get your Kickstarter campaign finished," Li tells me, sitting at the hackerspace's main table, in front of a fridge emblazoned with a sticker that reads "Do Epic Shit". The rooms behind him are filled with metal lathes, electric tools, and rows of 3D printers. One successful product that recently emerged from XinCheJian is Wearhaus headphones, which enable one person to stream music from their phone while friends listen in, letting them privately enjoy the same music while, say, co-working or studying. The first run of 3,000 headphones sold out, and now a larger run is in the pipeline.

he acme of China's innovation boom can be found in four office towers that loom over a sprawl of condos in the suburbs of Beijing. These are the headquarters of Xiaomi. Founded in 2010, the company has become famous for making mobile phones comparable to the iPhone – fast processors, large screens and a sleek operating system called MIUI – but at half the cost. It may be even more famous for its chiefly online sales model and explosive growth. Xiaomi sold 61 million phones in 2014, and for part of 2015 it was the top-selling mobile brand in China. Though it's still private, investors have said it's worth \$45 billion.

Xiaomi was founded by a serial entrepreneur who got a chance to make his early mistakes - and fortune - 10 years ago: CEO Lei Jun founded the online bookseller Joyo, which he later sold to Amazon. He guickly became an angel investor, pouring money into the next generation of innovators, like YY, and making connections with the country's brightest young designers and engineers. By 2010, a new vision had taken hold: to build an operating system and a new business model for selling mobile phones. Lei formed Xiaomi and hired a team of crack talent to quickly produce a gorgeous mobile phone OS and put it online in August of that year. China's techies loved it. But only the most nerdy were willing to endure the hassle of downloading an OS to their existing phones. If Xiaomi wanted to get the system into the hands of millions, it would need to make – and sell – handsets. Foxconn became one of Xiaomi's primary manufacturers. Meanwhile, the startup hit upon a hugely effective sales system. Each new model would initially be sold in a limited quantity - perhaps 50,000 - via a weekly flash sale on its website. The exclusivity drove fans wild. The lucky few who scored phones would flaunt them to their envious hipster friends - and later, Xiaomi would open up a larger run to satisfy pent-up demand.

Xiaomi's office is brightly lit and decorated with huge paintings. A mutt that workers adopted off the street sleeps in his doghouse on the first floor. One flight up, a sprawling room is filled with customer-service reps chattering into phones, attempting to solve users' issues around the world. Though China is Xiaomi's largest market, in 2013 the firm hired Hugo Barra, previously Google's product manager for Android, to oversee global expansion. "These are phones for the generation that will never have access to a computer," Barra says. "They're discovering the internet from their phones." Xiaomi's edge, he says, is that it continuously produces new upgrades. "We build hardware, but we take a very software way of doing it. We do a software update every week!" These updates often incorporate the voluminous feedback that Xiaomi gets from its deeply involved fans: A single post by Xiaomi's team on the company's customer forums can receive 100,000 replies discussing the latest tweak to the operating system.

Indeed, Xiaomi's willingness to talk online with its customers has been a key part of both understanding the demands of young consumers and cultivating their manic devotion. Xiaomi sells its phones at close to cost; much of the company's revenue comes from its line of accessories, like headphones and step-tracker wristbands, as well as from app store purchases of things like new OS skins. The hope is that eventually even more revenue will come from the many ecommerce transactions that Xiaomi owners will engage in, buying everything from meals to plane tickets to clothing.

But to see the company's broader vision for the future, you need to head downstairs to a spare and elegant showroom. It's filled with Internet of Things devices that the company is bringing to market, all of which can be operated remotely via the mobile OS. There's a smart lightbulb, a connected webcam, a bathroom scale, a TV, a power strip – and an air purifier, a crucial appliance for the Chinese, who must contend with the country's out-of-control air pollution. Once you buy one product, you'll very quickly buy the others, because they all work so well together, Barra boasts. "The game in China is building walled gardens and getting them to stay in your garden."

Xiaomi didn't design and manufacture this hardware itself. The executives went on a hunt for the country's hungriest cutting-edge startups, then invested in them and demanded they produce Applequality design. It is astonishing to see the ecosystem laid out. It makes Google's toe-dip into the Internet of Things – its Nest smart thermostat and security camera – look several years behind the curve.

China's creative generation, in other words, has proven it is ready to compete head-on with the world's top high tech brands. "Apple and Samsung are right to be worried," says Bunnie Huang, a well-known hardware hacker. (Indeed, Samsung's global share of the smartphone market dropped to 21.4 per cent in the second quarter of 2015, from 32.2 per cent in the same period of 2012.) When it comes to hardware, Chinese inventors benefit from proximity to the world's largest base of consumers, which is growing fast. Xiaomi's first major foreign expansion wasn't to the US but to the much huger – if poorer – India, where it sold 1 million phones in the third quarter of last year. Sew up China and India, it realized, and that's a third of the planet. In context, the US, where many consumers already own smartphones, isn't a particularly big market.

Yet while Chinese firms like Xiaomi are challenging the big tech firms, the flow of opportunity goes both ways: It's getting easier and easier for Western entrepreneurs to go work in China. They now regularly flock to hardware and software accelerators in the coastal cities so they can meet local collaborators or find factories. One French woman arrived in Shanghai last year to team up with Chinese coders and create an online market for French wine, targeting the chic restaurants where urbanites dine. Young American inventors congregate at H@xlr8r in Shenzhen, where they prototype everything from retro animated-GIF cameras to customized-pill-creation robots. China is essentially becoming a mecca, a destination for people with ideas – much as Silicon Valley did a generation ago.

I saw that one day towards the end of my visit. I dropped by David Li's XinCheJian hackerspace, where Li was meeting with a startup team he'd been mentoring, including a Dutch-Italian man named Lionello Lunesu, who has lived in China for eight years, and a Latino man named Berni War. They were looking over their latest prototype, which had been sent by courier from a nearby factory. It was a little device that gives you alerts from your computer or phone, almost like an Apple Watch that sits on your desk instead of on your wrist. "For David, we're not going nearly fast enough," Lunesu says.

Li picked up the gadget and stroked its sleek white sides. "That's the same plastic they use for the iPhone 5c," he says. The entrepreneurs grin. A lot of this opportunity is not available in the US. That's why they're here.





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Fitbit set the trend for fitness bands, and the captain and vice captain of the Indian cricket team swear by this one. So you'd

better get in line. (amazon.in)

FLIP The wearable overlord

If there's only one piece of wearable tech you're going to invest in, let it be this ear-based one: the world's most accurate heart rate monitor. Along with the usual advantages of counting steps and tracking fitness levels through a companion app, the crowdfunded tech keeps tabs on your heart rate, respiration, posture and calories burned while swimming or resting. Heck, it'll even warn you if you're about to go into cardiac arrest. And if you're patriotic, it's made in Hyderabad. (indiegogo.com)



This strap-on portable battery will store your body's kinetic energy as you run, cycle or do push-ups, and convert it into power, which you can use to charge your phone. One hour of exercise = up to 5 hours of charge. And the more you move, the more power you'll generate. Which is as good a reason as any to get cracking. (getampy.com)

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Yes, you're drinking your textbook x litres a day. but that standard number doesn't take into account your age, gender, weight, height and activity level like this water bottle does with the help of a companion app. After calculating how much eau you should be drinking which also includes factoring in your location and its altitude, humidity, etc - the 2-litre bottle glows every time you need to take a sip. And it'll even sync up with your Fitbit. (hidratespark.com) \$\square\$



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WHERE CAN A MAN GET A MAN-CE AROUND HERE?

It's 2016, and we've embraced moisturizer and hijacked our girlfriends' eye serums. What we haven't yet wrapped our faces around is the peel, despite promises of looking younger and shinier in 30 minutes or less. GQ gives it a go

t turns out that when a cosmetic laser is aimed at dirty pores, the ensuing micro-immolation makes a popping noise: not quite a gunshot, but definitely louder than a bowl of milky Rice Krispies. I'm lying on a glorified hospital bed as a young woman vaporizes my skin gunk with medical-grade GI Joe weaponry. And I'm keeping it together, until I catch a whiff of my own flesh sizzling. That's when I ask myself: Could a slightly prettier me be worth this sci-fi scenario?

Lasers, I've learned, are the new frontier in men's skincare. Until now I thought I knew the rules: I wash my face every night. I wear sunscreen. I don't even blink at moisturizing anymore. But facials? Lasers? Nah. Right?

I'm not sure any more. A new set of spaesque treatments – fast, powerful and resultsfocused – are tailor-made for guys looking for a quick facial pick-me-up.

That's how I found myself booked for a session of laser resurfacing at Manhattan's Skin Laundry, my eyes covered by a pair



of tanning goggles. "This is a YAG laser," my therapist said, hefting the foot-long implement. (What's YAG stand for, anyway? "I have no idea, actually," she admitted.) These lasers clean your skin by vaporizing whatever's stuck in your pores, and they're effective. I left 20 minutes later with an appreciably brighter complexion, as – no joke – Michael Jackson's "Man In The Mirror" played me out. But I hadn't anticipated the violence of it all: the crackling sound sparklers make, the man-on-fire scent. Verdict: effective, but too face-melting for this guy.

Convinced I could upgrade my mug less violently, I set out the next week for Peel Bar in New York's Flatiron District. The concept? A peel is an acidic formula that eats away at your face's dead skin cells, ideally yielding a

less zombified you. I leaned back, and an attendant slathered it on using gloves; two minutes of mild itchiness later, she washed it off. And you know what? I looked great. I was smoother-skinned, less harried-looking and – hell, I'll say it – practically dewy. And I still had time to grab lunch.

Both shops suggested that this should be a monthly ritual, maybe even weekly, but I'm looking at these quick-hit facials the same way I do a splurge-type haircut: not strictly necessary, though worth the confidence boost before a big moment – a first date, maybe, or a job interview. Until recently, wearing skinny jeans sounded crazy too. I'm betting that soon enough the man-peel won't sound so absurd – it'll just be common sense.



FACE OFF AGAINST THE SUN Sunscreen is to dermats what flossing is to dentists: the thing they won't shut up about because it's truly, annoyingly important. Wear sunscreen every day - in summer, in winter, and especially when you've just had the outermost layer of your face dissolved via acid - and you might not look like a crumpled up paper bag at

45. The easiest way to get your daily SPF? Try a moisturizer with built-in sunblock, like this blessedly non-gummy one from Innisfree (look for the brand on FB and in Khan Market, Delhi).



To laser your mug

The Pixel Perfect laser facial and the AFT Photofacial at Lumiere Dermatology, Delhi

Peels

The CosMedic Metabolic Peels at Lumiere Dermatology, Delhi lumieredermatology.com

For laser treatments and peels, hit up a dermatologist instead of a salon. And remember: no products with alcohol in them for at least 24 hours.

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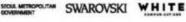








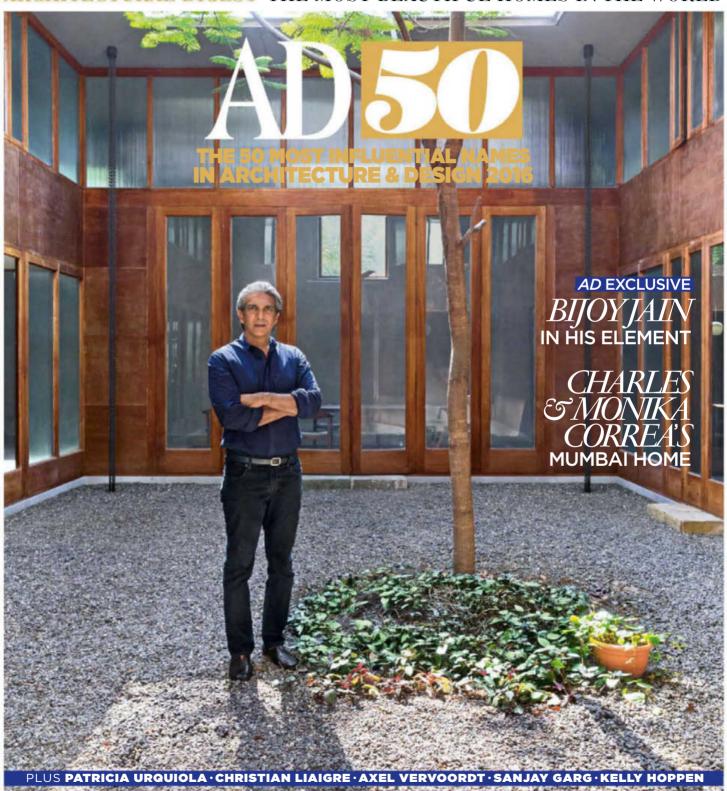








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NTHELAPOF LUXURY

Here's a match made in heaven: Miss India Vartika Singh and JW Marriott's infinity pool

hen you're a beauty queen, you shouldn't have to settle for anything but the best. So the decision to take Vartika Singh to one of Mumbai's swishest hotels, the JW Marriott, for a *GQ* shoot was a no-brainer.

What we didn't expect: Vartika wolfing down freshly baked goodies (croissants, muffins, filo pastries) served by the hotel's hospitable staff in between sexy shots by the pool (the infinity pool, not the salt water pool). In the Royal Lotus Suite – whose enviable bathroom featured a rainforest shower, glass-walled bath tub and high-tech Bose speakers – our base for the day, Vartika continued to bring the heat for photographer Colston Julian. And took another break for tea with the team at Arola, the hotel's topnotch Spanish restaurant.

With a serene ambience and excellent service, it's evident why the Marriott is a favourite for anyone looking to escape the city's bustle. After her hectic shoot, Vartika seemed to agree.







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Watch it

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₹20.000. For more information, visit calvinklein.com



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1. Place of Publication Conde Nast India Pvt. Ltd.

2nd Floor, Darabshaw House Shoorji Vallabhdas Marg Ballard Estate, Mumbai 400 001

2. Periodicity of its Publication Monthly

3. Printer's Name Almona Bhatia

for Conde Nast India Pvt. Ltd.

Nationality Canadian (overseas citizen of India)

Whether a citizen of India? Yes

Address: 21, Prem Court, Jamshedji

> Tata Road, Churchgate Mumbai 400 020

4. Publisher's Name Almona Bhatia

for Conde Nast India Pvt. Ltd.

Nationality Canadian (overseas citizen of India)

Whether a citizen of India? Yes

Address: 21, Prem Court, Jamshedji

> Tata Road, Churchgate Mumbai 400 020

5. Editor's Name CJ Kurrien

Nationality Indian

Whether a citizen of India? Yes

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6. Names and addresses of individuals Inc. who own the newspaper and partners or shareholders holding more than one per cent of the

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Dear seeker of personal validation on social media,

Every bunch of friends has that one person. Someone with such low self-esteem that everything they do is geared towards receiving internet-wide approval from every friend they may have never met.

You've jumped on more Twitter bandwagons than a corporate feed trying to sound millennial. You're a cheerleader of the mediocre and a patron saint of the nontroversial. There's not a politician in whom you haven't found something to praise, no dead celebrity you won't "greatly miss".

Your praise is insincere, your compliments facetious and your support meaningless. But there you are. Everyone's personal digital sycophant. And stop it with the cat videos: You've conned more people into watching terrible things than Taran Adarsh. Your penchant for raving about normcore Instagram food photos like they express the artistry of the Sistine Chapel, or the subtlety of the *Mona Lisa*, has made every DSLR-wielding douche-kazoo think they're Annie fucking Leibovitz.



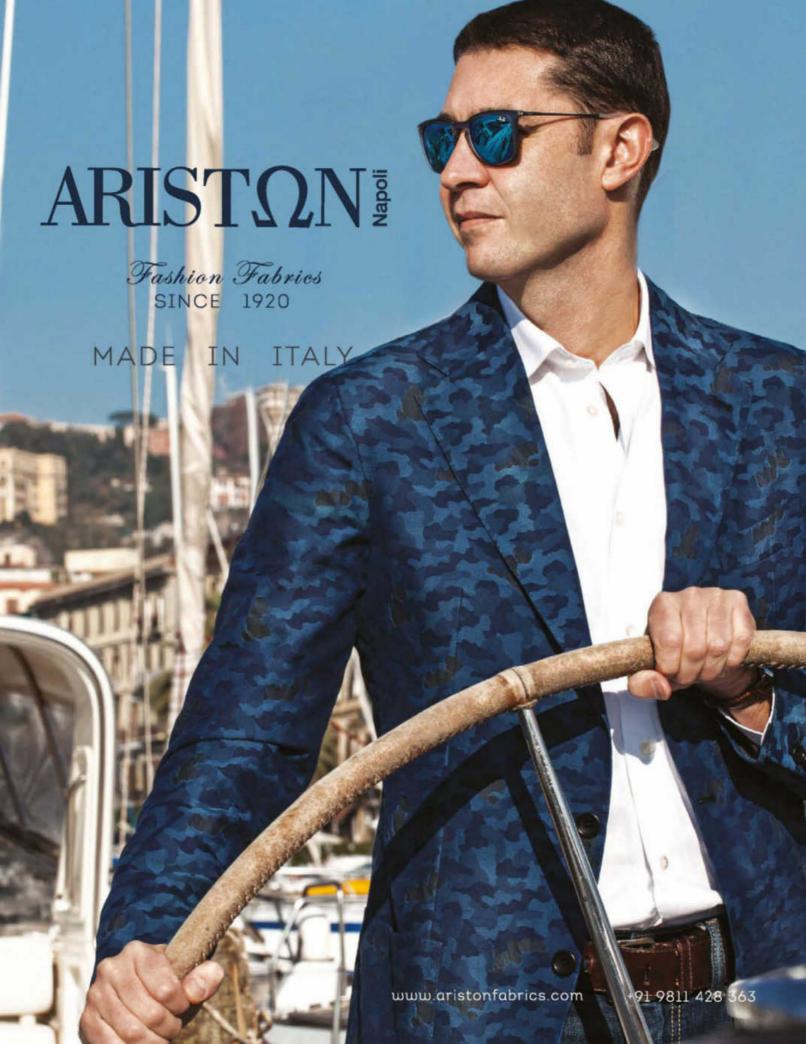
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We're being harsh with you here, because, for once in your life, we want you to know what it's like to speak your mind without fear. So go for it. Post a Facebook status message about how you'd rather eat a cat-shit soufflé than force yourself to sit through another episode of *Game Of Thrones* – because you know and we know that no one really loves yourself to sit through another episode of *Game Of Thrones* – because you know and we know that no one really loves that show as much as they say they do. Come on, fearlessly tweet a critique of a world leader you dislike and when supporters attack you, tell them to go fuck themselves. They're not as scary as they want you to think they are.

It's not that we don't empathize. We get it. Getting strangers to like you helps temporarily fill the void that being useless in a meaningless universe creates in your heart. But having a fake friend's photoshopped face supply your self-esteem with a blue thumbs up is not healthy. Don't put your mental wellbeing into the hands of socially inept, self-esteem with a blue thumbs up is not healthy. Don't put your mental wellbeing into the hands of socially inept, self-esteem with a blue thumbs up is not healthy. Don't put your mental wellbeing into the hands of socially inept, self-esteem with a blue thumbs up is not healthy. Don't put your mental wellbeing into the hands of socially inept, self-esteem with a blue thumbs up is not healthy. Don't put your mental wellbeing into the hands of socially inept, self-esteem with a blue thumbs up is not healthy. Don't put your mental wellbeing into the hands of socially inept, self-esteem with a blue thumbs up is not healthy. Don't put your mental wellbeing into the hands of socially inept, self-esteem with a blue thumbs up is not healthy. Don't put your mental wellbeing into the hands of socially inept, self-esteem with a blue thumbs up is not healthy. Don't put your mental wellbeing into the hands of socially inept, self-esteem with a blue thumbs up is not healthy. Don't put your mental wellbeing into the hands of socially inept, self-esteem with a blue thumbs up is not healthy. Don't put your mental wellbeing into the hands of socially inept, self-esteem with a blue thumbs up is not healthy. Don't put your mental wellbeing into the hands of socially inept, self-esteem with a blue thumbs up is not healthy. Don't put your mental wellbeing into the hands of socially inept, self-esteem with a blue thumbs up is not healthy. Don't put your mental wellbeing into the hands of socially inept, self-esteem with a blue thumbs up is not healthy. Don't put your mental wellbeing into the hands of socially inept, self-esteem with a blue thumbs up is not healthy. Don't put your mental we

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